THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES

By MARY H. ALLIES

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THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES

(1813–1903)

THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES AT THE AGE OF 17

Painted by Mrs. Carpenter

Thomas William Allies

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BY

MARY H. ALLIES

AUTHOR OF

"HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND," "HIS THE SEVENTH" "LEAVES FROM ST. AUGUSTINE," "LEAVES FROM ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM," ETC.

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THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES

CHAPTER I

THE FATHER OF THE MAN

(1813–1834)

I ENTER on the history of a mind with some trepidation, for I can offer here only the intellectual matches and scorings of one who was essentially a mental athlete. Yet to him who reads, no book is more enthralling than the book of man as he reveals himself in his inner trinity of memory, will, and understanding. From a very early age my father was fired with the Homeric[1] ambition of excelling and surpassing others in the race of mind.

Thomas William Allies was born at Midsomer Norton, Somersetshire, on February 12, 1813. His father, the Rev. Thomas Allies, was subsequently rector of Wormington, twelve miles from Cheltenham. At that time he was curate at Henbury. My grandfather was a good man of a type which is fast disappearing, a mild and pious minister of religion rather than a churchman. These are they who keep their beliefs

[1] Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπειροχειν ἐμμεναι ἄλλων, was the Homer text of his early years.

without dogma, and are contented to spring from some kind of religious persuasion. My father's mother was Frances Elizabeth Fripp, the daughter of a Bristol merchant. She survived his birth only one week, dying on February 19, 1813. A Moravian of great piety, she faced death at twenty-one with perfect resignation.

Apart from the discipline of Eton and Wadham College, Thomas William Allies was a self-made man. His brilliant studies saved him from being an ἰδιώτης. He was a solitary boy, who devoured books and, happily for him, three-cornered puff tartlets, when he could get the chance. The reading without the fondness for tarts might have made him morbid, more especially as he never had the least taste for sport or games. He abhorred cricket and football, and in the early years of the nineteenth century it seems to have been no disgrace to set them aside. My father would have gained from exercising muscle and sinew *pari passu* with his brain. As it was, his lonely boyhood gave full scope to his love of reading, and no scope at all to the cultivation of human beings. He lived in a world of books.

The young mother, so early called away, was soon and well replaced with her little boy. My grandfather shortly afterwards married Caroline Hillhouse, who really was the ideal step-mother, as kind to "Tom" and as proud of him as if he had been her son indeed. She also had three children of her own, a little son, who died in infancy, and two daughters, Mary Anne and Caroline. They never displaced Tom in their mother's affection. What she and my aunt, Mary Anne, bitterly resented was my father's conversion. It altered the family feeling in his

regard, but I must not anticipate. Caroline was much loved by my father. A great invalid, she could not enter into the life of her small nephews. She died at thirty-two in 1853.

The second Mrs. Allies was a stout heretic of the Evangelical School. To her the having "views" meant bliss. The very ideal of a Church was repugnant to her; *her* ideal was freedom to teach and to hold the wildest opinions. A so-called "free Church" ceases to be a Church, but she thought it perfection, and on one occasion gave £10 towards one because, as she naïvely expressed it, "I supposed every one was free to preach what he liked." My gentle grandfather might never have reared a fighting cock.[1] It was she who largely contributed to make him, supplying the element of antagonism without which no fighting cock could be at all. With her it was a proof of affection to disagree.

My father was baptized at St. James's Church, Bristol, and afterwards lived at Bristol and at Clifton. He received a good grounding in scholarship at the Bristol Grammar School, leaving it by his own desire in 1826 for the larger arena of Eton; not, however, before earning distinction. Among his papers is recorded "A Prize Essay, given by Sir John Cox Hippesley, Baronet, to Thomas William Allies, aged 12 years, and by him delivered before the Mayor and Corporation of Bristol, Sept. 28, 1825." It was in April 1827, that he entered England's famous school, and took up his residence at the house of the Rev. Edward

[1] "I believe one great admirer of the Bishop (Blomfield), Mr. W. Cotton, called me for this a little bantam cock."—*A Life's Decision*, p. 8.

Coleridge, who always remained his devoted friend. He met with a characteristic reception from a boy who did not know that the family of Allies was originally seated at Northfield in Worcestershire, where in deeds of 1368 it is mentioned. Thinking he detected an un-English ring in the name, he dashed cold water on the new boy's face, exclaiming, "Are you a d——d foreigner?"

At fourteen my father had more than a love of books; it was a love of learning for its own sake, and the ambition of an ardent spirit. Thus it happened that at sixteen he was the first to win the Newcastle Scholarship, a very real triumph. So he marked the year of Catholic Emancipation, 1829, which in after life was to mean so much to him. He carried away with him from Eton that sort of classical knowledge in the boy which leads to a classical mind in the man. The study of the Ancients induces the conclusion that man is much the same at all times and in all countries. It was a curious feature in my father that he always preferred men in books to men in life. The perfection of knowledge is reached by observing men in both, but I have noticed that it is very rare. The man of the world neglects books, and the man of books disparages men out of them.

My father had matriculated in 1828. From Eton he went to Wadham College. He was now in his seventeenth year. He never grew after seventeen, and was what he always remained, "small," though by no means of "no reputation." He has often told me how his whole life was affected by his small stature. Yet small men are wont to have great minds. Julius Cæsar, St. John Chrysostom, and St.

Augustine were all small, which knowledge did not reconcile my father to himself. Later on he feared that no one would care for him. He took his degree in 1832 with brilliant honours in classics, not going in for mathematics. During this period of four years he was contemporary with Gladstone, whom he had known also at Eton, with Manning, Lord Elgin, then Mr. Bruce, afterwards Governor-General of India, and with Lord Selborne. Hearing Gladstone speak at the Union in 1831, my father inwardly marked him as a future Prime Minister of England, and he was equally sure that Mr. Roundell Palmer would become Lord Chancellor.

At Oxford he grew intimate with the Rev. Thomas Harding Newman, of Magdalen, his future brother-in-law. Thomas Harding was a Newman by accident, for his father, Mr. Newman of Nelmes,[1] took the name of Newman instead of Harding. There was thus no relationship between Thomas H. Newman and John Henry Newman, only the difference of the letter *T*, for both were doctors of divinity after the approved Anglican fashion. This letter *T* led to many jokes caused by mistaken identity, and no one enjoyed them more than *T*. H. Newman.

After my father had succeeded to a fellowship at Wadham College in 1833, he went abroad with T. H. Newman to France and Italy, only returning at the end of 1836. Byron and Italy shared his heart during these *Wanderjahre*. He was as familiar with Italian as with English, and his Byron was a household word. He drank in beauty with the zest of a Byron, and made one pilgrimage to Hucknall Torkard—there to find a cold grave. The year is not recorded, but the

[1] Near Romford, Essex.

poetic vein, early awakened, went with him through life. Mr. Henry Herbert, the friend who contested with him the Newcastle Scholarship, was cut off by a premature death. My father wrote these touching lines:—

"TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND DROWNED IN SWITZERLAND.

"Perish'd so soon, in all thy pride of youth,
With breast so full of love to God and man,
And yearning after all immortal truth?
Is this the limit of thine earthly span?
For *this* didst thou so labour, with high toil
Wooing the wisdom of departed years,
With ardour disappointment could not foil,
To sleep so early amid Friendship's tears?
With thee I stood in many a battle keen,
Ay, step by step press'd forward at thy side
Vanquish'd or victor, but have never seen
In thee one feeling manhood fain would hide.
And is it over? four and twenty springs
All that were given thee here to plume thy wings
For higher being?—Yet I mourn thee not:
In thee thy youthful love was unforgot;
In man's most dang'rous and bewitching hour
Thou didst unshaken stand, with stedfast power.
I would rejoice that thou art callèd hence
In youth, in Hope, in Faith, in Innocence.
And deem it tend'rest mercy that no storm
Swept o'er thy heart, to crush it, or deform.
Oh! joy that thou hast left the worst behind;
The blight of heart, the fever of the mind.
For bless'd are they who early find that goal,
And need no suff'ring to make pure the soul."

These lines show at least a maturity of thought for twenty-four, his own and his friend's age at the time.

But the Byron phase gave way to a more serious vein: the love of romance was exchanged for the love of theology, and, instead of Byron,

he "lived more and more upon Newman's mind" in the years of ripe manhood. The following pages were written on his twenty-first birthday:—

"*Feb.* 12, 1834.—Shall I weep or laugh? I am 21 to-day. The magic period at which in an instant we spring from a tutelage to manhood: the point at which the wishes of the day pause, 'the posting-house, where the carriage of the Fates changes horses.' I have mounted the hill; henceforth is one unvarying descent to the same dark spot, but whether by many a gradual wind, over many a green swell of earth, with a gentle voice ever whispering in the trees, or lonely, and with a sudden dash down the precipice, who can tell, or who can choose? Yet why *dark* spot? One of the deceits man seems determined to impose for ever on himself is, to consider death an evil, something to be fled from and never welcomed. It is a deceit in which I will not participate. Not in a presumptuous spirit, but with the deepest hope and faith, I bless ten times more the day of my death than that of my birth. Strong, indeed, too strong by far, must the ties of earthly love be, if ever I should cease inwardly to wish for that moment. So far do my wishes outstrip my power of enjoyment, so far does this capacity exceed the means of supplying it, that I feel with the whole truth of my being that earth cannot be intended to be a permanent home. Since my feelings received a real shock on that horrible 18th of June,[1] I have studied to be happy, and generally with success, because my faith in things to come has more than supplied the vanity of the things that are. But who can fly the void of his own soul? Who would fly it, for it proves our im-

[1] Allusion to an early trial.

mortality? I repose on the image of Death, not with that fashionable melancholy which sees no use in life: if the end of life were written by the finger of God upon the sky, it could not be more distinctly palpable to me than it is now; as a stern discipline of purification; life itself is the real purgatory which proud and prying ignorance has placed after death: is not this the joint language of Scripture, of our hearts, of our experience? I acknowledge myself guilty; the justice of the law I see not, but I believe.—Oh, death, the strong one, all else deceive us, but thou wilt not!—On many points of my character, moral and intellectual, though chiefly the latter, I may be in doubt, but the undeviating testimony of ten years, since I was eleven, proves to me that the foundation is the desire of excellence. Early study and very deep enthusiasm have fixed this desire on one particular point of intellect—Poesy.

"I have no reason to believe that I have any powers for creating correspondent to my desire. The negative, indeed, haunts me like a constant shadow; but certain it is that all my childhood and youth have gasped after this; the success of others and my own failure on this point have ever given me more pain than anything else. I should never have embraced the study of Greek and Latin with such ardour had I not with a pardonable infatuation arising from the perversion of education in England, believed that the springs of inspiration rose in the mountains of Hellas. One book undeceived me; I remember its effect on me, when just seventeen, in April 1830—Moore's Byron disenchanted me: after that I loathed Oxford and its studies more and more; melancholy, lowness of spirits, dissatisfac-

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tion, all springing from the notion that I was forced to exertions which would work the very opposite effect on me to that for which I panted, made me so continually wretched that I am satisfied I could not have endured that life much longer. It is still a sore subject with me. This same passion lies at the bottom of my resolution to travel far and wide; it is not so much the pleasure I anticipate from seeing so much of the many-peopled globe, as the effect I hope it may have on my mind. I believe I should never have had resolution to become a traveller, but for the strong reaction and desire of independence of heart produced on me by S. C.'s perfidy and concealment. Now for the coming four years I look forward to a life of action: I have not yet attained the power of interpreting man and nature for myself without the medium of books; continued study vitiates the mirror of our vision; four years would be well spent in purifying it. I can draw the sketch, but doubt my power to fill it. Some wise man has said that every one has a secret belief of something extraordinary in his destiny; I, at least, acknowledge the innocent vanity. I was long before I discovered its existence; and though I am often in the state Sydenham describes of poor Auriol, when, introduced into the most talented society, he begins to suspect in himself a want of that adored genius which had been the dream of his life; yet, were this lurking hope taken away, I am sure I should sink into utter listlessness. It has often been a wonder to me how many people live—that is, without the daily bread of emulation and ambition. Their principle of vitality seems so dull and toad-like, that it can survive through years enclosed in the lifeless rock. What

a power of inflicting agony by mere privation does life possess over me; it is this presentiment, perhaps, which makes me love the thought of death. Well, after all, the deep desire of excellence is and has ever been mine; the gift itself is in other hands. It seems to me all the professions are leagued in array against the cultivation of the mind. The law eats up the time, and, worse still, corrodes the heart; the scalpel cuts off very summarily the finer perceptions of our nature; the lowly though invaluable labours of the Church do not permit the neophyte to indulge even a wish for his own intellectual promotion, and, besides, cut off the means of attaining it from the solitary life they impose. Suppose I can evade all these till my thirtieth year; well, well, what then? Ah, who would propose beyond nine years? I may not know myself by that time. I despair *almost* (and yet I should be wrong if I said *entirely*) of inspiring such an affection, as I know I could feel, full, unwearied, eternal, and which alone I would accept. Byron almost made me both misanthrope and mysatheist; but the tide has now turned entirely the other way. I believe fully in my God; and though man is a sad piece of business, his nakedness and filth staring everywhere through his rags; and woman—I am not quite decided what she is, but should look twice now before I trusted her, yet I do not hate either of them. . . . Singular that my twenty-first birthday should have fallen on Ash Wednesday, the day of humiliation—a lesson to me. Wrote the past six pages, 4–6. Wrote home; it is near twelve: and this, the day so long yet unconsciously looked forward to, is almost gone. Ah! shall I not look back on it with regret in years to come? What

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is reserved for me—for *me;* egoism, all; for my friends, my love, my country. Ah! whatever comes, here, on the threshold of manhood, I beseech of Him who giveth upbraiding not, that His light in my heart become not dim, and His love be unforgot!

"That I may hallow whatever and however little the gifts He has given by the end I seek for: oh, not my own glory, but I must have power to cast away self."

CHAPTER II

A COURTSHIP

(1838-1839)

My father took Anglican Orders at the end of 1838. The year was marked for him by my grandfather's premature death. Consequently it was a time of greater inward recollection and piety. The ministry, seriously as he viewed it, does not seem to have satisfied either heart or mind. He always worshipped beauty, and was conquered by a beautiful face, endowing it with corresponding charms of character. For him *το καλον* was a real landmark in life. He was intolerant of ugliness, either in face or character. He had perhaps as much difficulty in forgiving an ugly face as in pardoning a personal injury.

The diary, which I am able to quote, during 1839, is a record of his struggles and his yearnings after a home of his own. He first saw Eliza Hall Newman, the half-sister of his friend, Dr. Newman *the Less*, in 1837, at Cheltenham, when she was only fifteen, and from that moment made up his mind to her conquest. The maiden was "sometimes silent, sometimes coy," and the diary is a genuine record of his courtship rather than his ministry. Perhaps for an Anglican the one means the other, since a calling to Orders need not imply a vocation to the priesthood. My father had something of

the hermit spirit in him, and possibly for that very reason needed to be completed by others. It is a question I have never been able to solve, either as to the *genus* hermit, or as to my father. In the Old Testament, God said, "It is not good for man to be alone;" in the New, our Lord commended the pure of heart, and surely purity supposes a solitude both of body and spirit. There are many hermits who love their own ways, but few who love perpetual solitude of spirit in a cell, and the being buried with Christ, which, I suppose, constitutes the true hermit.

Next to beauty of form and feature, my father valued intellect. At this time, 1838–1839, he was intimate with Mr. Baron Alderson, Judge Coleridge, Judge Erskine, Bishop Blomfield, and their respective families. He measured himself with others, and always found something wanting. "It is not good for man to be alone," and that he can well be in the midst of the most brilliant society, which has nothing to say to his individual heart.

The first entry in this diary (May 4, 1839) describes a juvenile party at the Chancellor's, where a crowd of young people made him feel that "yearning after a home day by day," which he constantly notes. The sight of T. H. Newman, Eliza's eldest brother, was always stimulating. "He" (T. H. Newman) "says"—I quote from the diary—"his sisters never read. All their tastes are gardening and working. Yet there is no want of intellect, I think [in the Newman sisters]. However, it is not mind I seek for in a woman."

I shall allow the diary to tell the history of this time (1839), as it is one of the heart and inner life.

May 5, 1839.—Excellent sermon from Dodsworth. Assisted at Communion. Read prayers in evening. Walked home with him (Dodsworth).

May 10. — Evening at Alderson's. Bishop of London (Blomfield), Durham, and Norwich. Mrs. Blomfield an exceedingly pretty woman. Talked to me for some time. She was very free spoken about the Bishop's rise, and the necessity of his family exerting themselves. A pretty daughter, who rather took my fancy, till I heard she was five or six and twenty.

May 12. — Dodsworth in morning. An excellent sermon on humiliation of Christ. Oppressed during latter part of the service by the thought of W.'s treachery.[1] Half determined to write and reproach him. At last, however, threw it off, became much interested in the sermon, and assisted at the Communion with great comfort, and the resolution to bear in silence. God grant I may do so, and deliver me from this most oppressive feeling.

May 13.—Dined with Alderson. No party, as I like best. The evening at Richards. When I entered the room, a bevy of ladies, and very plain almost all.

May 15.—A large dinner at Coleridge's. Bishop of Winchester and lady, Wordsworth and wife, Lonsdale and wife; Ackland, Talfourd. Bunsen sat between Mrs. Sumner and Lonsdale. The former is no longer pretty, she is fat and very coarse. Bunsen, the only man who talked, and he talked much and well, and ate, too. I thought him an excellent German. Mrs. Lonsdale a pleasing face. I wish I knew them.

May 16.—To-day Pepys alone with me. I

[1] Allusion to a painful incident in connection with an early attachment.

thought I might as well have had a week's holiday, but the C. does not think about me. Newman (T. H.) came in the afternoon. Walked about with him, and he tea'd here. I am always glad to see him. E. H. N. rather unwell. Does not wish to go to Hollybush,[1] because she has planted seeds and wishes to see them come up—"*Circa virentes est animus meæ campos juvencæ.*"

May 18.—Pepys in the morning. Judge Coleridge, in answer to my request for advice, said I had better go on quietly with him. . . . The *one longing* accompanies me everywhere, most of all in crowded assemblies.

May 19.—Heard two good sermons from Dodsworth, morning and evening. Morning, on the unity of the early disciples, a condition of the promise of the Holy Spirit, how far forfeited by our present divisions. Assisted at Sacrament. Evening, "Quench not the Spirit," also very good.

May 22.—Pepys returned. I thought he might as well have staid a day or two longer away. Newman came in evening, slept here, and breakfasted, and went on to Nelmes. When shall I go there again! Its fair occupant is well remembered, but I feel—

> "*Circa virentes est animus meæ*
> *Campos juvencæ.*"

May 24.—Went to Bishop of London to talk about duty. Dined at Alderson's. Bishop of Winchester and lady, Benson and lady (a pretty woman, seemingly twenty years younger than he), Bishop of Bangor (a plain old man), and Mr. Bethell (much plainer) and lady, with others. Bishop Sumner spoke a few words to

[1] Seat of her mother's family, the Halls of Hollybush.

me, chiefly about Coleridge. I thought him most courtly and polite.

May 26.—Two excellent sermons from Dodsworth on the Trinity. Assisted at the Sacrament. Severely tempted during this past week, especially on Tuesday. I feel one abiding want—the want of human sympathy.

May 27.—Dined with Dodsworth, a bachelor's party, which I hate, though some intelligent men—Ogilvie, Tickell (who does not shine in company), Forster, a new curate, who talked a good deal and well, and I mean to call on him.

May 31.—Went down to Eton—a beautiful evening. Found C. [Coleridge] had been unwell for three days, though better. I thought him in low spirits, and feel so myself, which is not often the case when I go to Eton. The prevailing cause of my low spirits is certainly the conduct of C. R. S. and Willis—I never can get it off my mind.

June 2.—Good sermon from Dodsworth. "Perfect love casteth out fear." St. John states Christian truth in a more absolute and immodified form than any other. Each man's fear or confidence should be in proportion to his progress. Assisted, as usual, at Sacrament.

Evening.—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Innocence better than repentance absolutely, but in individuals this is often modified, that is comparing them with *others*. To-day I have completed a year since I began a more constant attendance at the Communion Table. I find I have omitted it twelve times in the year—sometimes unavoidably—but I regret having done so; and by God's grace will attend every Sunday, as I have done since the beginning of the year. I am quite convinced of the great advantage in so doing. Omitted in past year:—

July 29.—Malvern.
Aug. 26.—Read Prayers.
Sept. 16.—Eton.
,, 23.—Nelmes.
,, 30.—St. Martin's.
Oct. 21.—Nelmes.
,, 28.—Langham Church.
Nov. 11.—St. Martin's. Read.
,, 17.—Benson, } Temple.
,, 25.—Smith, }

June 7.—To-day I complete a year's residence in London. I trust that I am thankful for having been preserved, sometimes as it were in spite of myself, amid many temptations. I have learnt a part of my own weakness and my constant need of God's Spirit. This year has been full of blessings to me. I should not repine at a trial which accompanies them—solitude and a feeling of desertion. No doubt in time I shall be relieved from this, when it is good for me.

June 8.—The past has been a dull week. I feel very much the solitude of my situation; except when I dine out, I have not a soul to speak to. Yet all my longing is for domestic society.

June 15.—The past has been rather a quiet week as to internal conflicts. I much feel my solitude, and there seems at present no way out of it. I should welcome a male friend as a great gift, but a female as the greatest of Heaven's blessings. In the meantime my duty is to be content.

June 16.—A very powerful sermon from Dr. Hook: "In the latter days perilous times will come." The great battle to be waged between Antichrist and the saints. All things tending

to it. The tongue of a ready speaker throughout. Very severe remarks on the "religious world," both the phrase and the thing. This sermon affected me much. The Sacrament, but did not assist.

Evening. — Dodsworth: "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God;" very judicious. Ever since I have been a reasoning creature how presumptuous, shortsighted, proud, and obstinate I have been, ever striving with my Maker. I feel that entire submission to His will is one of the most difficult graces. . . . How often do I secretly repine at my own trials, my disappointment, my present solitude and feeling of betrayal: my yearning after affection ever yet frustrated. A lovely evening of long calm decline, as beautiful as any in Italy.

June 21, *Midsummer Day*.—Very warm. Walked a good deal in Park Gardens. I have been looking over the last eight anniversaries of this day, and see with shame and confusion of face the state of mind and conduct they intimate. What a rebellious and presumptuous and falsely-judging heart. No wonder that I have been made to suffer severely, but great wonder that I have at all come to my senses. Blessed be God Who has mercifully brought me so far. May He open my eyes more and more; increase my repentance daily; supply my manifold wants; restore me with His free Spirit, and give me to view things in their right relations. Truly I have had a heart of adamant which could not feel till it was blasted.

Newman returned to Nelmes. No present prospect of seeing her. I can only pray for her and myself.

June 23.—"The whole creation groaneth:" a

sound sermon. At Sacrament, but did not assist, as Manning, I believe, was there.

June 25.—Newman called in afternoon and asked me to come to Nelmes next Saturday. I had so little hoped for this that I was quite in a confusion of delight and anticipation the whole day.

Met Baron Alderson coming out of the gardens and tea'd with him. This is just what I enjoy. Proposed to collect if possible from 60 to 100 persons, and build a church in Bethnal Green between us, each subscribing £100. He agreed to be one.

June 29.—Went to Nelmes by the railway. When there rather dismayed to hear Eliza N. is in weak health and is going to the coast. I thought her grown and improved in shape. The same beautiful countenance, but thin and not in good colour. Julia[1] is much grown. I did not see more sign of the woman. I scrupulously avoided seeming to seek to be with her, and thought her manner quite as frank as it ever was—no retiring at least, which so pained me before. Mr. N. very civil, and hinted about my vacation. Still by no means satisfied as to how they regard me. I was very painfully struck at the want of religious feeling in the family, and felt the loss of the Sacrament on the Sunday. Heard Stacy twice. Very fair sermons. It is my daily prayer that they, and she especially, may be brought to a sounder state. The brother stayed at home Sunday morning, reading "Oliver Twist." The Blacks called. I thought the girl good-looking. Fido seemed to recognise me.

July 1.—Returned from Nelmes. . . . I had a fit of melancholy and crying through fear for E. H. N.'s health. For some time I found no

[1] Julia Newman, younger sister of Eliza Hall Newman,

consolation even in prayer. I sadly lack faith and trust in God as a Father. Long evil thoughts of Him.

July 3.—Dined at Mr. Erskine's. A clever Miss Morris. She said: "The last person I should wish to be judged by, a young man of eighteen who had done no wrong." This made me think how very uncharitable my judgment would have been at that age.

July 8.—Felt solitariness severely this evening. As soon as my pupils go, this feeling sets in.

July 9.—Again I cannot keep off the depression of solitude. It is no doubt my part of the cross at present. I could put my hand on the sore, and, I think, apply the remedy. Walked in the gardens—better at least than the streets.

July 15.—Newman came in afternoon. Delighted and thankful to find E. H. N.'s weakness not imputable to consumptive tendency. It is quite a burden off my mind. He is gone to Clacton. Felt his society a great relief. His father asked when my vacation would begin. He intimated I should come. This is a delight in prospect.

July 18.—Wrote home and sent a new little padlock to E. H. N. It is my constant prayer she may be restored to health bodily and spiritual. Drooping under the sense of solitude. Unable to apply closely even to the most interesting subjects, a state of mind distressing, and to which I can discover no remedy.

July 21.—Dodsworth. Continuation of last Sunday. Blessing of implicit Faith. Very sound. Assisted at Communion. Since last Sunday read Knox's remarks on the Eucharist. Much struck with the quotation from Jackson that Christ is present in the Eucharist as on the mercy-seat

of old. The idea floated through my head, but had never definitely presented itself.

Evening.—Forster. Miracle of Bread: good, but the tone sometimes severe and harsh. Found this a little injured the effect on my mind. Walked in gardens. Beautiful evening. Thought over past life. How unthankful and untrustful to God I have ever been. Jacob's dream. Joseph's life. This is a disposition going back as far as I can remember. I trust it is decreasing. No sermon written. A sad coward.

July 23.—Had my head felt by Burnay. There must be something in this sort of thing. He described me well, I think. Passive rather than active. Irritable temperament, abstracted; deficiency of form, but generally well balanced. Drank tea with Lady Alderson. Thus wrote no sermon. Talked about phrenology.

July 25.—A day much to be remembered by me. It was not forgotten. Two years ago I returned to Goodrest. One year ago my dear father died. Walked in garden, thought of him, and that on this day he had entered the company of departed spirits. "I shall go to him, but he shall not come to me." God grant that our meeting may be a joyful one. It is a pain to me to leave out my father from my daily prayers. Yet how should I mention him? Very much depressed in the evening. Mind ruffled and uneasy. Could not write. Feeling of solitude. Want of faith.

July 28.—Dodsworth. "Yet though He had done so many miracles, believed they not on Him." Our Saviour's miracles not chiefly to prove His religion, but show His *character*, as Lord of Nature. Secondly, opposed to the idolatry of the present times, which reduces the world

to a mere piece of mechanism. Good. Assisted at Sacrament.

Evening.—Dodsworth. Epistle to Philemon. Conversion of Onesimus. Power of divine grace. Providence in conducting him to Rome. I thought of the Providence which conducted me to Goodrest. For the last week succeeded in writing my first sermon (to preach for Mr. Chapman at Denton), after great reluctance and timidity. Began it yesterday week, finished yesterday. To-day thinking of another Abraham's faith. Oh, that I had more faith myself.

Sunday, Aug. 4.—Dodsworth. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Spiritual understanding quite distinct from intellect—a very excellent sermon, attested throughout by my experience. Not only true in the life to come, but in the present life: a single sin overclouds the whole mind. Assisted at Sacrament.

Aug. 10.—Pepys left. In hopes and fears all the week about being invited to Nelmes. At last the invitation came this morning. Left in a great hurry. Found them all out riding. A talk with Miss Pickering.[1] They are anxious about Newman. E. H. N. looking better.

Sunday, Aug. 11.—Hornchurch in morning. Walked in afternoon with N. to Romford, but the church much later than we expected. When I came back we had some talk in the study. There was an old pair of scissors which E. said would not cut. I asked her to let me try if they would cut her hair, and I took off a piece. She turned crimson, and tried playfully to get it back, but I thought her not unwilling to let me have it.

Aug. 12.—Melancholy. Walked with E., sister, and Miss P. in the shaw. But they dined at

[1] Governess in Mr. Newman's family.

the Buttons' (much against her will I have *since* found). I was very depressed and fancied all sorts of absurdities, from which I was only relieved by seeing her return in the evening.

Aug. 13.—Went into town with N. Got her some flowers, which she received with such a profusion of thanks and so much courteousness as made me quite happy. I returned to Nelmes on a visit of very indefinite length to be directed by circumstances.

Aug. 14.—Rode with E., sister, Mr. N., and Mr. Button to Lord Petre's. By her almost the whole time, and talked constantly. I thought she rather avoided B. Found her exceedingly improved, more womanish. Talked connectedly. Played backgammon in the evening, and was beaten.

Aug. 15.—At breakfast she was constantly praising the collar and padlock, but something occurred unpleasant with Her and Miss Pickering. She did not come to lunch, and I felt quite uncomfortable. Rode with N. and her sister to the Coxes'. Walked a little with Her when I came back. Gathered mushrooms. They had evidently been crying much, and were discomposed. Glad to find she dislikes the Buttons. She wore my flower at dinner, or one exactly like it. Altogether I have a feeling of satisfaction at the whole time I have spent here. With a person more of the world I should entertain strong hopes, but I cannot discern how far she sees the drift of my visit.

Aug. 16.—Rode with her and N. to Bedford's: lovely day; she seemed in very favourable humour, but before dinner she ran away not to find me alone. Just before tea she ran upstairs, and did not return. It was put on fatigue, but

whether it were that or a check from Miss P. I cannot tell. Delighted to find she dislikes the Buttons. Hid from them when we came home. Talked with Miss P. She says she has observed a difference in the last three days in my favour.

Aug. 17.—Added a bit to my first sermon, and suddenly resolved to preach it to-morrow. Called on Stacy. Walked with Her and Miss P. for mushrooms. She kept away a good part. This conduct always puzzles me. Wore two horrid flowers she gave me.

Sunday, Aug. 18.—I feel less nervousness than I expected. She went to church: I was greatly afraid she might not. Got through very well. No alarm when once in the pulpit. Miss P. and N. both well pleased. She has not said a word. Mr. R. Newman dined. They talked about Holly Bush the evening long. He is a horrid person. After many changes of plan, Mr. N. set out this morning for Bagshot and Cheltenham. Not a word has passed between us.

Aug. 19.—I little thought how important this day would be. Miss P. frightened me so by saying, "she could give me no hope," as she was sure E. H. N. did not understand me, that I determined by her advice to speak, and only to ask permission to see more of her. I saw her in the study alone. I said I feared she had not understood the drift of my visit. She stood turned away, her hair concealing her cheek, but her manner was very kind throughout. She assented to my request. Her hand remained passively in mine, and received my kisses. She allowed me also to cut some more hair. Altogether I drew a most favourable augury from her manner. We continued together the whole morning afterwards. I felt relieved from a

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mountain when I found that at least she did not refuse me. Miss P. tells me since, she thought I was going to blame her for behaving ill in church! I do believe she is the most innocent of human beings; no suspicion of my purpose had crossed her mind. Stacy and sister dined here. Sadly tiresome people. She coughed very much.

Aug. 21.—She gave me a purse, which has been doing for some time. Miss P. advised me to write and tell Mr. N., in order to get an answer. I did so.

Aug. 23.—Was to have driven her, Miss P., and sister to Childerditch, but she was unwell. Drove the rest to Bedford's, came home, and sat talking for some time but after dinner a quarter of an hour, which gave me the highest satisfaction. She played a piece, and altogether there has been a constantly increasing kindness and confidence of manner. She told Miss P. she wished me to know she was unwell. "I would not wish to seem to avoid Mr. Allies." I am very anxious about her health.

Aug. 24.—Hitherto every day of this week has been happier than I could have expected; but I know not how to describe the torrent of delight which has overwhelmed me to-day, and quite unexpectedly. Newman went to town at ten to do duty, Miss P. and her sister with him, to Romford; we were left alone in the study; and if fervent kisses can seal love, mine at least has received that confirmation, and all that the most perfect kindness and confidence of manner could bestow. (*N.B.*—She went into the cupboard to get some music, called me there, and there she gave me the *first kiss*.) I know not how to feel thankful enough to God that He has

so far heard my prayers. We began with music, and then sat and talked about a thousand indifferent things, my arm always round her waist, but her face always averted. She kissed me several times. I trust that nothing may disturb our present harmony; it seems to me too blessed to believe. Rode alone with her towards Rochetts—very pleasant. I have but one anxious thought—about her health.

Sunday, Aug. 25.—Preached at Hornchurch second time. Got through well. Felt perhaps rather more nervous in the pulpit, but not before. Her cold very bad, and a little discomfort somewhere this day, which I find to have sprung from that sad lout her brother, John. Richard Newman, &c., came in the evening, which passed as little like Sunday, alas, as possible. (I find both they and she were much pleased with the sermon.)

Aug. 26.—A satisfactory but very anxious day. Spoke to her after breakfast, and tried to assure her that I should never listen to anything said against her. Her manner was perfectly kind, but a little embarrassed.

Aug. 27.—Rode with Julia [Newman] to Childerditch; a most beautiful parish, but very retired. If it had a house, I should like it very well. E. H. N. far from well. Newman came home yesterday. Did not see much of her to-day. Very anxious about her health. (There was also in her manner to-day a constraint. Her brother seemed to think she did not know her situation, which led to Miss P. fully laying it before her; the answer was very satisfactory and decisive. No doubt there is much more esteem than love at present.)

Aug. 28.—Drove E. and Miss P. to Stub-

bards, she by my side. We walked about the garden; she was kind and at ease, I thought; was pleased to drive, and nearly turned us into a ditch. I have scarcely seen her alone, and then was careful to be quiet. Nothing but time is now required. We have heard nothing of Mr. N., which is rather surprising. Miss P. tells me that she has fully inquired of her to-day, and explained her situation: that she answered very frankly and decidedly. This is all right. There is a shade of constraint about her manner, which might otherwise make one feel uncomfortable. *I have, however, been taught patience.*

Aug. 29.—A very happy day; I have not seen her before so settled and at ease. Mr. Hancock came to lunch. Drove her, Eliza, and Miss P. to Romford, and the last two on by Rochetts; she by my side as yesterday. She drove, and seemed quite comfortable. I got a kiss before dinner; she is rather shamefaced, and would rather kiss in the cupboard than in the parlour, and got in there on purpose, I believe. She walked in with me very readily to dinner. After dinner, at music, I had her hand long in mine, and have never yet felt so much assurance in her. Played backgammon with her, in which she seemed interested, and I delight to show her the moves and be beaten. God grant me many such days as this. I know not how to be sufficiently grateful to Him. Had much talk with Miss P. at night about Mr. N.'s inconstancy of purpose. Newman is in very low spirits. Finished a third sermon in five days.

Aug. 30.—A wet day; they did not go out; walked with Newman, who is in a bad state of mind. She rather vexed me by seeming to avoid playing battledore with me, yet this

turned out at last happily. She did play; and, talking about the watchguard she had just made me, I said, I wished to give her my watch in exchange. She hesitated at first, but took it afterwards with great affection of manner. She stooped and kissed my hand. I think she has hitherto felt a little embarrassed when alone with me. Perhaps this is the key to some of her actions. She has been taking random pieces out of Virgil and Horace, and amused me highly by quoting, quite unconscious of the meaning, "Nunc scio quid sit amor," "Concubitu prohibere vago," "Quisnam igitur liber? sapiens," &c. She walked in to dinner with me, played to me afterwards, and backgammon after tea. A long talk with Miss P., who seems to think the accepting the watch most decisive.

Aug. 31.—I have just had a conversation with Her which ought to put an end to all doubt. I begged Her to be decisive with her father, and express herself so that he could not misapprehend her. And then, inquiring whether her mind was decided, she said it was: and I asked her, if it was in my favour, to give me a kiss: and this, after some pretty coyness and shamefacedness, she did. She said, "I am decided, if I ever marry any one, to marry you." However, we afterwards talked about where to live. She said, "I should wish to live where those I like live. I should wish to live where you live. It does not matter where one lives. It is a pleasure to give up one's own will to another." All her conduct has been such as to give me much reliance on her. Nothing but time is wanted, I think. How can I sufficiently thank God for an issue so unlooked for. Nothing more passed during the day: the morn-

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ing was so good that nothing could be added to it. Played battledore again, and at kissing in the intervals, and whist in the evening.

Sunday, Sept. 1.—Preached my third sermon: the Unprofitable Servant: a portrait of poor Newman: got through very well, only, unhappily, she was not at church, the weather being stormy, and her cold bad. . . . Communion, at which I assisted; under 40 persons in a parish of 2000! This would vex me beyond measure. Read prayers in afternoon. She gave me a kiss in the morning, which served, as it were, to wind up the day. Played sacred music after dinner: at tea Mr. Newman came; a necessary evil, but I am thankful he stayed so long away.

Sept. 2.—I have had the strongest possible assurance from her lips that a man can well have. "What I have once said, I never will alter," alluding to her promise to marry me if she married anybody. . . . There is a firmness about her manner which makes me feel confident about her resolution. "Why do you ask me so often the same thing?" Perhaps there is more of esteem and regard than love at present, but this makes me feel the more assured of her. I feel that after this morning's interview I can have no stronger assurances from her. Walked after mushrooms: what a contrast to my discomfort when we used so to walk after dinner. Got Mr. Newman's consent to our meeting and corresponding: he was disposed to be restive at first, but at last came round, only stipulating the marriage should be put off for two years, and that the minimum income should be £600 a year. But he came in before tea and said something to her before them all, which spoilt the comfort of the evening. We saw her no

more, but I had the satisfaction of hearing all was right before we went to bed.

Sept. 3.—I have just set her entirely free from all promise. She said, "I do not wish to be set free. I consider myself engaged to you." I replied, "But you are free." She answered instantly, "So am I engaged to you." . . . She frightens me now and then by saying that she will never marry, but there is no doubt of the preference. I feel that I have done all that can be done, and can only further pray for God's blessing.

Sept. 4.—Every day hitherto has been progressive, and this more than any other. We left Nelmes together—she, her brother, and myself—for Cheltenham. They came to my rooms in town and lunched. Went by 4 o'clock train to Oxford. I had one delightful hour inside with her alone. She repeated that she did not wish to be free. "I think I should be happy with you. You do not know whom I like. I like you very much," and then kisses without number. I gave her two cameos, which she seems much to admire. "I should be very sorry if you were disappointed after behaving so handsomely." There has been the greatest confidence in her manner, and much more *fondness* than ever heretofore. She sat at night, hearing Newman reading La Fontaine, and stealing kisses. I think I can place full assurance in her resolution. A lovely day; came here ten minutes under four hours from Paddington; to Slough in thirty minutes.

Sept. 5.—Breakfasted at Oxford. She and I wished to stay the morning. As it, however, threatened rain, Newman induced us to go on. Got a kiss or two before and after breakfast. Journey to Cheltenham long; an old lady in

the coach. Her manner as kind as could be, more lively than I have seen her. Gave her the third cameo. She seemed very much pleased. Got a kiss at parting. Altogether, I have no remembrance which is not one of delight and hope. . . . Heavy, of course, all the day, and tired. Cheltenham, especially this hotel, brings back old times of my dear father. Solitude of heart is to me the most painful feeling. I pray most constantly that I may be spared it. Henceforth I cannot feel grateful enough to God for this great blessing in prospect.

Sept. 6.—Found all the morning coaches to Bristol gone when I asked. Obliged to stay till three. When I had made up my mind to go, Newman called and asked me to dinner. Introduced to Miss Harding.[1] Very little, dignified face; like Mr. Newman. Walked with E. H. N. and Newman by Lansdown new church. . . . Stole two kisses in Close's new house. Dined there. Did not see E. alone, but her manner quite right. Miss H. asked me to stay two days. Asked E.'s *permission*, or rather *pleasure*, and, it being affirmative, accepted. Music. Miss H. plays beautifully. Altogether they look refined and sensible people. Talked with Miss H. about N.'s state of mind, which makes all very anxious. Very sorry to find him in doubt as to Our Saviour's Person. Altogether seems to have no belief in Christian doctrines. It is my first prayer that E. may become a real Christian. All my influence will be directed to this point.

Sept. 7.—Raining hard nearly all the day. The morning read, and began new sermon on

[1] Elder sister of Mr. Newman of Nelmes, who had taken the name of Newman,

Marriage Feast. Afternoon called on Miss Harding. Long conversation with her about Newman. Pleased that she entered into family concerns with me. Saw E. H. N. alone a few minutes before dinner. Two kisses. Manner very kind. Dined. Music in evening. *She* wished I could stay.

Sunday, Sept. 8.—At Close's. Sermon 70 minutes for Church Missionary Society. Stood all the time. "Jesus lifted up His eyes and had compassion on the people, because they were as sheep." A powerful sermon on the whole, spoken without any hesitation. . . . Went to the Hardings' afterwards. Walked out with E. H. N. and Newman. He left us, and then I had nearly half an hour with her alone, and what she said highly delighted me. She intimated that she might agree to the marriage sooner. Her aunt and sister in favour of an early marriage. I told her she ought to contemplate the possibility of her father's marrying or dying. She was incredulous on the first point, but I persuaded her. I felt this conversation the most confidential and intimate that we have ever had. I leave Cheltenham highly satisfied.

Sept. 9.—A beautiful ride to Bristol, 9–2. It brings back old times. I have indeed cause for deep thankfulness when I recall the course of events. Read Romans partly on the way, and thought about dear E. H. N. with great delight. Found them all expecting me at Clifton.

Sept. 10.—Came to Clevedon with mother and sisters in afternoon. Curious to revisit it after twelve years. It is prodigiously increased, but hardly improved. I should think a picture of

my state of mind, opinions, and desires at that time very valuable. I can remember that I was fond of watching the sea on the rocks. I think the rocks now very small to what I then thought them.

Sept. 11.—Went on with sermon on "Marriage Feast." I am not yet free from a painful feeling of distrust. My room is in another house, and altogether Clevedon is desolate enough. Called on the Brakenridges. Thought Miss vulgar and Mr. B. queer. Mrs. pretty, but all wanting in manner. Had a curious talk with a man breaking stones on the road, who spoke very clearly and well on religious points.

Sept. 14.—Walked to the old castle, but looked in vain for the verses I wrote there twelve years ago. Beautiful view. . . . I am aweary of Clevedon, but I foresee, alas, a constant state of anxiety till I am married. God grant this may not defeat it. . . . I am not satisfied with my temper. It is always at home I feel myself most put out.

Sept. 16.—Came to Bristol through Wraxall. Thought of my poor father. Too late for morning coaches: stayed till 4 reading papers and reviews, and doing business, &c. . . . Came on to Cheltenham at 4—9. Had to sit by a drunken fellow. Three French people opposite, who amused me.

Called at Miss Harding's: found N. gone to-day, but She stops.

Sept. 17.—A disappointment which I had not thought of. Called on Miss Harding. She said she was sorry she could not ask me to stay as there was no gentleman. Stayed nearly two hours, talking chiefly about N. E. was having her bust taken, which is very like. I longed for

another, but Miss H. demurred. I hardly saw her face, thanks to her curls and bonnet, as she was going to dine with the Bests. She was very cordial and gave me the pen-wiper, and contrived that I should stay till to-morrow to carry a letter. Felt vexed that I could not dine with her, but it wore off. . . . Studied to please Miss H. Taught by experience.

Sept. 18.—Called at 2: talked chiefly about N. Did not see her alone, but she seemed very cordial. The bust admirable. Tried to be very cheerful. Said I was going in the morning, so Miss H. asked me to tea, and all passed over very well. *She* played very nicely. We talked a little. She promised me another purse. I am not sorry to go, because the constraint here is very great. I should only like to know when *she* returns to Nelmes, and when I am to go there.

Sunday, Sept. 22.—At Eton. Went with Coleridge to Datchet in morning. Read prayers for him. He approved of all, but recommended more emphasis in lessons. He gave a very good sermon: the miracle of the blind man.

In evening preached at Windsor church. In some alarm, but got through without any mistake. Same sermon as three weeks ago—N.'s character. I am very glad to have preached in a town church.

Sept. 23.—Came up to town at 12. There is not a soul for me to speak to among its 1,600,000 inhabitants. Could not write, but read Jeremy Taylor; wrote out a prayer for E. H. N. I am anxious not so much to see her, as to know when I shall see her—to feel assured of her father.

Sept. 24.—Could not write this morning. Read

Jeremy Taylor's sermon on God's mode of converting sinners, most extraordinary eloquence indeed. I never felt it so strongly before. . . . Periodic prayer is a great comfort. Composed one for E. H. N.'s spiritual improvement and her family, to accompany each time.

Sept. 27.—No letter. Rather anxious. However, I feel myself essentially different from what I was two years ago. I enjoy a trust in God to which I was then a stranger: God make it ever increase. It is a great satisfaction to pray for her.

Oct. 5.—Finished sermon on fig-tree. Just as I had done, Packy[1] came in and summoned me to the Baron. He had only just got my letter, and told me his brother was probably about to vacate a living of the Chancellor's in Ipswich, which if I liked he would ask for me. All this seems providential: my head has been in a whirl about it. I have written to Newman to ask if they would like the situation. It seems to me the very thing for E. H. N., being near the sea. My weakness and liability to sin fill me with dismay. Read a beautiful sermon of Newman on "Watching."

Sunday, Oct. 6.—At Dodsworth's. Assisted at Communion. Foster preached very well on the vices of the tongue, frivolousness, talkativeness, and irreverential speaking. Carey in afternoon not so good on speaking truth, without head or tail.

Oct. 7.—A letter from Newman which made me uncomfortable. There is a trimming tone in it I do not like, as well as reserve. Col. Hall thinks things have been conducted with *precipitancy*. Alas! I know what this means—that

[1] Packenham Alderson, a son of the late Baron Alderson.

I have not money enough. Trying to compose myself by trust in God.

Oct. 8.—Baron Alderson tells me Ipswich is not likely to be vacant: talks of asking Bishop of London for a district for me. This would be much better. Perhaps I should choose it for myself rather than anything. Wrote to Newman, and to his father: to the former very strongly, conjuring him not to be *neutral*, and laying open the right and the wrong. . . . Trying to put my trust in God: sad undoubtedly.

Oct. 9.—. . . I went out when post time came, feeling very nervous. At my return found two most satisfactory letters—from Mr. N. confirming his promise, without reference to third parties, and from N., saying I had misconstrued him. Sketched an answer. This has lulled my fears. *For the first time* I feel perfectly easy as to their intentions. About *her* I have never doubted. Thankful, I hope, to God.

Oct. 11.—A nice little book called "Woman's Mission," which I mean to give E. H. N. Ordered also a small Bible for her. Would to God that she may take a keen interest in its contents. There is nothing which I more ardently desire or pray for more earnestly. Got several volumes from Christian Knowledge Society for her also.

Sunday, Oct. 13.—A very pleasant day. Communion, 148 present. Evening, Coleridge. A very good sermon on *praying always*; the things of sense meant to be guides and analogies to us of spiritual things. Very well drawn out. He pleased me more than ever before.

Oct. 16.—I have heard nothing from Nelmes, but I am easy since Mr. N.'s letter: as to the rest, I have assumed moderation for my motto, remembering *οὐδεν μέγα ἐκ τῶν ἀφνω γιγνεται.*

Oct. 21.—Discomposed and uneasy in my afternoon's walk at no invitation or news from Nelmes. Suspicions of disloyalty torment me. This evening *resigned*, hopeful, and contented. I am sure distrust is wrong: I struggle and pray against it.

Oct. 22.—Waiting with impatience in spite of every effort for the evening post. It came—a knock, but no letter for me. I was discomposed for some time, and had great difficulty to recover serenity and resignation.

Oct. 25.—This morning, to my utter astonishment, received a letter from Mr. N., saying E. H. N. wished to break off all intimacy through disapproval of relations. I have been long dreading misfortune, and was not quite taken unawares. Went over to Nelmes. Saw Mr. N. and Miss P. Satisfactory interview I thought. He assured me that I had his cordial consent. Got his permission to go to Clifton to see her. Went from Nelmes relieved: reached home and wrote to her a long letter, plain and serious, for my all is concerned, to deliver on alighting from the coach.

Oct. 27.—In all my life have never been in so dreadful a state of suspense and agitation as this morning, at the Mayor's Chapel especially. At last it was over. Called at Mrs. Eales and found Miss Pickering there; very glad. What a mountain off my heart to hear her affection was unchanged, but the grand obstacle is that they have found I have connections in trade. Hence all this turmoil. Nothing will induce her, I see, to go at all against her father. A long talk with Miss P. and Mrs. Eales, whom I have found most kind. To-day she would not see me. Grieved at this, but better not press it. Went home somewhat relieved.

Oct. 28.—Called at 11. She had written to her father, calling for his decision. With great difficulty prevailed on her to see me. Girlish nervousness, I believe, and then she came in with her bonnet; nor have I seen her face, though she kissed me in token that her love was unchanged. Her manner is restrained; her words satisfactory. At my desire, in Miss P.'s presence, she wrote the following:—"Mr. A. possesses my love and esteem. It would be a satisfaction to my mind if the obstacles existing to our engagement could be passed over by my friends.—E. H. N." She stayed by me some time; sometimes sobbing, I think. Altogether there is much to hope; somewhat to fear. Mr. N.'s answer cannot come before Thursday. Till then I am not to see her. Mrs. Eales and Miss P. very kind, a great comfort.

Oct. 29.—Went to Millais, and got a very pretty nosegay, which I carried there. Talked long time with Mrs. Eales. . . . If her father leaves her free, will not give me up. Returning from Bristol, met her on the Middle Hill with the little Eales. Stopped and spoke a minute, then let her go, not to take an advantage. She looked most charming, though I scarcely saw her face—a vision of delight. . . . In God only is my trust, that He may keep her heart firm, and turn Mr. N.'s to me.

Oct. 30.—Cheerful conversation with Mrs. Eales. She laughs at my letter, and says it may go into four words, *Do you love me?* Went away in good spirits. Met her in College Green. Walked to Bellevue with her, rather unwilling. Would not take my arm. She said, "You despise the Mr. Halls." Promised to write to Mr. John Hall. "You mistrust my love." I

declared I did not, and had placed all my hopes of happiness on her. "It's a pity you have," in a low voice. . . . We shook hands. When shall I see her again?

Oct. 31.—An awful disappointment. She wishes no engagement. Will not see me nor hear from me for two years. When twenty I may write to her. I was paralysed at this, but consented, and with difficulty forbore reproach, but I did. Mr. N.'s letter has *confirmed* this, but not produced it, they say. Would not see me. I could do nothing. . . . Left Bristol by mail at 7, with a heavy heavy heart.

Nov. 1.—At times to-day in a dreadful state of mind. Unable to pray; in despair. . . . God give me strength to bear my great trial, and bless and keep her—my joint and constant prayer.

Nov. 21.—Went to see Mr. Cotton at the Bank. He was very kind, and said the Bishop was very favourably inclined to me, but there are many to be here consulted, and, so far as I can gather, the chief objection to me is, "that my bodily presence is weak." He did not state this, but I inferred it. Thus, the great trial of my life has now been of serious prejudice to me. Overcome with despondency at times, as on Nov. 1. A terrible state; but got through my prayers, a good sign: for the worst of all is being unable to pray. Sadly discomposed by the conduct of E. H. N. and her family. This is a great disappointment. Wrote to Coleridge. I strive to have hope, and trust in God. How little should I feel the trials of life if I possessed her affection sure.

Nov. 26.—Heavy-hearted to-day. I am constantly harassed by the thought of her *readi-*

ness to give me up, and cannot throw all my care upon God with that entire confidence I could wish. I trust I do not encourage this temper, but I am utterly unable to throw it off.

Nov. 27.—Dined at Judge Coleridge's. His elder daughter's birthday. Large party: sat between Mr. and Mrs. H. Coleridge. She talked very well about German and Greek. The first lady I have ever heard profess a knowledge of that language.

Nov. 28.—What I strive day after day to realise is a living faith in the paternal and unfailing providence of God: it is so difficult not to connect *disappointment* and *affliction* with *desertion*, the most terrible feeling to man, as Our Saviour's Passion shows.

Dec. 10.—Attacked with desponding thoughts about E. H. N. when I awoke (a time at which I am peculiarly open to uncomfortable thoughts). Again in my walk. They went off considerably after afternoon prayer.

Dec. 14.—All this week in low spirits: liable to fretfulness and depression. Want of faith is at the bottom of this: would that I had more. Perhaps when the night is darkest the morning is nearest.

Sunday, Dec. 15.—Assisted at Sacrament. Dodsworth evening. Impossibility of judging another's spiritual deserts: the province of God. Adultery of the heart worse in some than actual adultery in others. This touches near.

Dec. 21.—I have been dull and troubled for many days past. Unable to feel love and gratitude warmly towards God. The cares of life, or rather the one subject constantly forces itself on me, and intercepts the view of divine things.

Dec. 31.—Was to dine with Baron Alder-

son, but they made an engagement to Dr. Jennings, at Hampstead, and took me there: a very agreeable party. Sir B. Brodie, Sir W. Symonds, Miss Tyndal, &c. More than usual conversation. Brodie very agreeable. Dr. J. very civil. A noble organ, which he played very well. Baron Alderson been recommending me again to the Bishop (of London). I am to go on Friday, but I do not expect much from him. Prayed in the new year. I have for many years felt this a striking moment, but now I felt it an awful one. May God give me grace for all the trials of the coming year.

"Thou who keep'st the key of Love,
Open Thy fount, Eternal Dove!
And overflow this heart of mine,
Enlarging as it fills with Thee,
Till in one blaze of charity,
Care and remorse are lost, like
Motes in love divine:
Till as each moment wafts us higher
By every gush of pure desire,
And high-breathed hope of joys above
By every sacred sigh we heave,
Whole years of folly we outlive,
In His unerring sight who
Measures life by love."

These lines fitly close my father's record of the year 1839, and of a courtship full of human interest. He was preserved from the "despair" he foresaw possible in his hours of greatest anguish, and his time of probation was shortened. On October 1, 1840, at Marylebone Parish Church, he married Eliza Hall Newman, who was then in the radiant beauty of her eighteen years. Her prose corrected his poetry, as she thus described the ceremony in her Diary: "The Bishop of London settled our hash for us."

CHAPTER III

THE COUNTRY PARSONAGE

(1842–1850)

At the time of his marriage my father was examining chaplain to the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield. As such he had presented the candidates for five general ordinations from June 1840 to June 1842, at which date his "chaplaincy" came to an abrupt termination for reasons he thus specifies:—

"In January 1842 the Bishop had gone to the baptism of the Prince of Wales, and when I saw him on his return mentioned that the King of Prussia had been one of the godfathers. This deeply offended my Church principles, that a Prussian Protestant who was outside the Church should be admitted as godfather. With more sincerity than prudence I stated my scruple to the Bishop, who had been a party consenting, and was not a little nettled at this remark of his chaplain, for he wanted, as he told me afterwards, 'Moderate Oxford;' but this was immoderate with a vengeance. . . . A few days afterwards the Bishop said to me that he proposed to give me the living of Launton in Oxfordshire. 'I advise you to take it,' he said, 'because I can give it you now, whereas later on I may feel unable to give you a living.' I was grievously vexed at the prospect of going

LAUNTON RECTORY

Showing the Yew Hedge said to have been planted in Queen Elizabeth's time

into the country, for I greatly preferred and enjoyed my position as his chaplain."[1]

His nomination to a country living was a heavy cross at the time, though a hidden blessing in reality. He was inducted on February 12, 1842, his twenty-ninth birthday, and took up his abode there in the following June.

Launton, which seemed a banishment to my father, brought him indirectly the light of faith. Away from the crowd, with the wife of his choice, he had full leisure for the science which St. Augustine expressed in the words "*Noverim Te, noverim me.*" My father supposed himself to be a priest and to be in the Catholic Church. Launton showed him what he was in reality: a country parson of a State Establishment.

The probation began by a greater self-knowledge. "A course of lowly, practical, self-denying obedience, cut off from all temptations of being influenced by the love of praise, was what I required," wrote my father later on in this "probation"; "therefore surely was I sent hither, for where would the circumstances of my position so continually demand such a habit as here? Let this, which is and long has been my settled conviction, be ever my answer to the first uprisings of repining."

The living of Launton, Bicester, was at that time worth £600 a year, over and above a capital house and garden, which constituted a charming English home. "Quiet as a country parsonage" was the description my father used to apply to the home of his old age in St. John's Wood, before the days of the Great Central Railway and the Electric Light Supply Company. Launton, however, possessed the drawback or

[1] My father's MS., written in 1878.

the fascination of a ghost, for it was said to be haunted by a former incumbent, Dr. Brown. My mother made good use of her ghost, for although in her old home at Nelmes she had experienced the terror of sleeping alone in the north or "haunted" room, she does not seem to have known fear at Launton. She used to dress in a sheet at dusk when she thought "walking" was expected of Dr. Brown, and with a lantern in her hand would sally forth. She thus scared away those who were attracted by her fruit trees, especially her wall fruit. Oxfordshire is celebrated for its apricots, and so was Launton.

My father was twenty-nine when he took possession of his parsonage, a ripe scholar, longing for intercourse with intellectual minds and also to win souls. Untrained as to theology, he built up the science for which he had a natural bent by sheer labour and private study. He was not exactly the man to deal with the British farmer, for his thoughts never ran on crops, turnips, or the price of wheat. The entries in his diary show that he took the shortcomings and ignorance of his parishioners sorely to heart. "The state of the people here is frightful," he wrote after a two years' experience. At no period of his life can I fancy him having a brisk talk with a poor man. He could not enter into the small things which a farmer loves. In later years I used to think that he gloated over "*la pluie et le beau temps*," in true British fashion. He did not freely unlock the treasures of his mind, for he knew by a long experience that few stop to grapple with intellectual subjects.

The Rector of Launton very soon discovered that he could not reach his farmers' souls. His pastoral duties consisted in being called in to

read a chapter or to say a few kind words to a dying parishioner. He was a minister of religion, whereas he supposed himself a priest. The "religion," too, was of a very meagre description. Thus he was endeavouring one day to set before a dying parishioner the delights of heaven.

"It may be all very well, Sir," replied the old man, "but Old England for me!"

On another occasion he was preaching about Joseph, the husband of Mary, a personage his parishioners had never contemplated at all, for Launton knew of only one Joseph, the son of Jacob. A farmer's comment on the sermon was always remembered:—

"Mustn't he have been very old, Sir?"

His depth and brilliancy of mind qualified him to deal not with the British farmer so much as with the agnostic and his metaphysical questions. Launton offered no intellect at all. But my father has spoken in his "Life's Decision" of the successive stages which marked an epoch in his Anglican life. The first was in 1843, when he discovered that the French clergy said daily Mass. Forthwith he began a daily celebration with closed doors, locking himself for greater reverence in the chancel. This, of course, was a matter of private devotion. My mother herself was not allowed access to the church, nor, indeed, possibly did she desire it. No one was ever a greater enemy of shams, and she seems to have known intuitively what love for the Mass means. My father also set up daily Matins and Evensong, a very unusual practice in those days, and he insisted on my mother's presence at Evensong, even though it obliged her to shorten her drive in the afternoon. My mother obeyed

under protest; she did not like it, and she said so, but always strove to please him.

Mr. W. G. Ward, "Ideal Ward," as he was often called, was the first to point out to my father the daily Mass of the French clergy. Then, in 1843, he had gone abroad and seen for himself. In the course of 1844 he paid a visit to Prior Park with a friend, and they were taken round by a young priest named Ferguson. "I gathered from him," my father writes in his notes, "that a priest should celebrate daily, and confess every fortnight." Mr. W. G. Ward's own inner struggle was keenly watched by my father, who was present at Oxford on the momentous 13th of February 1845, at Ward's defence before Convocation. "Altogether," writes my father, "I was profoundly impressed by a sense of his ability, and of the goodness of his cause." My father, with, I suppose, many others, was disposed to see in Ward a young clergyman with very high aspirations, and to be consequently disappointed at the announcement of his marriage. He remarks that Ward's argument is simply: "Doubtless in a pure Church priests would not marry, but I am a priest in the Church of England, which is impure, so I shall."

In the spring of 1844, my father recognised the need of confession as the divinely appointed means of pardon for post-baptismal sins. The confessor he chose was Newman, for Newman was to him, from the first, "the Achilles of the City of God." My father's notes on his visits to Littlemore are deeply touching. He took confession seriously, and it was for him, what it always should be, a humiliation of heart and intellect. On April 18, 1845, he writes an

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE CAL.

account of his confession, which is too intimate for publication. He speaks of "two especial temptations—repining at the general state of the Church and at one's own position therein, and idolatry of the intellect. Reference rather to an intellectual than moral standard. Entered largely into sad state of parish, with which N. sympathised: approved weekly H. C., at 8 A.M. Said I ought to have a curate. Did not seem to think that change of position in all cases was wrong. Left him, soothed and comforted. . . . He said though friends were received at Littlemore for a season, yet that he could not undertake to direct them, being convinced that special education was necessary to do so. He said he was quite unequal to it. As I walked over I could not but think how great was the privilege to be near and to have means of intercourse with the greatest man the English Church in her separated state has ever produced, and a *saint*. I doubt not, if I live to see this statement ten or twenty years hence, I shall feel this much more vividly. At my request he fixed times for *C.* [confession], once a quarter unless special reasons occurred."

It will be noted that my father found in Newman a spiritual father as well as a confessor, a combination by no means so common as is supposed. His visits to Littlemore were oases in the Launton desert. In the interval between 18th April and August 1845, he went abroad. The glimpse of the Church which he thus obtained served both as refreshment to his spirit and as contrast to the state of things at home. He stopped at Hursley on the way, as on a former occasion. Two letters to my mother about this time are dated from Hursley. Thus he wrote in

June 1845: "I have not yet seen much of Keble, for we[1] got in very late, and we breakfasted at a quarter to 8, which is just over. His parsonage is completely covered over with plants, flowers, and ivy. There is a rose tree only eight years old, which has grown thirty feet high, and covered a great part of one side." And again: "I wrote to you last from Mr. Keble's house on Tuesday; and I take up the account of my proceedings thence. . . . We spent most of Tuesday with Keble, but had not much talk with him. I heard him catechise his children in church, and give a short sermon afterwards; his congregation was hardly more than nine on week days. His appearance and manner are, I think, at first sight by no means impressive, but his conversation is striking, and much more free and satirical than I expected. It struck me that he was exceedingly discontented with the state of things."

At Hursley he saw what one chosen spirit could do; over the water he saw the Church in action. He could not avoid drawing the conclusion, which he notes on 10th August, from his Launton Rectory: "Since my return home I have been unable to apply to anything. The prospects of the Church have appeared to me in the darkest view. All the arguments for our separate existence have been obscured: all those against it vividly present. May God brace me to the vigorous discharge of daily duties, that light may spring out of this darkness.

"*Monday, Aug.* 11.—Went into Oxford, in order to see Newman. Was two hours and a half with Marriott. He told me of Munro's parish — 700 people: 100 communicants; all speak to him before communicating; thirty-five

[1] He was travelling with his friend, the Rev. C. Marriott.

regularly confess. Many of these have been Methodists. M. rightly says that this is no work of man: *no one* by the use of *any* means can count on such results. He hopes that Pusey will originate something, like a form of prayer, and intercession to be used in common, and is confident he will be bold enough for anything. The suspension has cracked his skull."

A natural attraction had met grace in my father's choice of Newman as a confessor, and now he was to lose the strong support of that guiding hand, and to be the poorer for his friend's departure.

Newman's step in 1845 did not hasten his own conversion by one hour. It was a hand-to-hand struggle on a dark and gloomy road. In my father's own words: "Much as I had revered him, greatly as I felt I had gained from him, and though I loved him as much after he had left us as before, I did not blindly follow him. I waited for his book on Development, and when it came I fixed upon a page and a half, describing the Primacy of St. Peter and of the Popes, as it was exhibited in the first three centuries. I said, 'I will test these statements. The question of the Primacy includes the whole question between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. I will follow this subject faithfully to its issue, and wherever it leads me I will go;' and I remember that I thought to myself Abraham's sacrifice of his son Isaac was certainly not greater than it would be to me to quit the Church of England. That was in October 1845, and it cost me five years of prayer and study before the question which I had chosen to determine the controversy landed me safely on the Rock of Peter. What I

went through in those five years no words of mine can express. The ever-increasing anxiety, the direction of all thoughts and studies to one point, the connection of the conclusion to be come to with my temporal fortunes; and the welfare of my wife and children, the wish to be certain, the fear of being deceived, of being warped one way by worldly interests or hurried another by impatience, all these formed a trial, which to look back upon at almost a generation's distance[1] fills me with horror. I feel like the man who rode his horse over a bridge of boats one night, and when he saw what he had done the next day died of fright."

My father's visits to France in search of wider horizons brought him into contact with Monsieur Pierre Labbé, superior of the Petit Séminaire d'Yvetôt. There surely never existed a more typical Frenchman. He had all the best qualities of his race with none of their drawbacks, except a certain Gallican *moule*, which my father did not discern in those early days, nor till long afterwards. With all the sympathy of a Frenchman, Monsieur Labbé entered into my father's struggle, showing him a kindness he rarely experienced in his own country, and remaining his life-long friend. In after years he included us all in his generous friendship. As a specimen of his early training, I may mention his advice to myself when as a child I expressed to him my ambitious wish to read the Fathers, and especially St. Augustine, some time. "*Non, mon enfant*," was his characteristic reply, "*vous lirez St. Bernard.*"

Two letters to my mother, written from France in the summer of 1848, told her much of what

[1] Written in 1878.

that spectacle of the Catholic Church conveyed to the starving Anglican minister. Crossing to Hâvre, he and his friend Marriott walked two miles out to a beautiful old Norman church at Graville, where they said their Anglican service before one of the altars, "quite undisturbed." The letter continues: "There is a perfect cross in the churchyard, which would be the very thing for Launton, and not cost above £15. . . . We went on to Yvetôt at 3 o'clock, and found the warmest welcome from Labbé. Indeed, from that moment to this, or at least till he quitted us this morning, he has been like a father, seeking to do whatever he thought would give us pleasure or instruction. The Archbishop [of Rouen] came on Monday evening. We were put one on his right hand and the other on his left at supper, and so on Tuesday and Wednesday. We heard two sermons to the '*confirmans*' on Monday from Labbé, just what would be preached by a Puseyite in England. On Tuesday was the Confirmation: we were in a latticed gallery at the end of the chapel, and nothing could be more pleasing than the arrangement. They entered in procession, about eighty of the youths in *aubes* (a short surplice fitting close to the body), the Archbishop, and some twenty priests. The Archbishop said Mass, after which he told them to be seated, and standing at the middle of the altar, with his face to the people, addressed them for about twenty minutes with much dignity and grace. His *grand vicaire* told me that in the two months he has been confirming he has never delivered the same address. He has no notes, the substance not much differing from what it would be among us, save that he said the Eucharist was 'an extension of the

Incarnation, in which that mystery was, as it were, gathered up into little, and in which Christ is really, substantially, and personally present to each communicant.' I forgot to tell you that at least one hundred boys had communicated. After this he went round and examined the *confirmans* here and there, which took about thirty-five minutes. Then followed the Confirmation itself, which, like our own, is very short. . . .

"He was extremely polite to Patterson[1] and me—gave us each an 'Imitation of Christ,' and a cross which he had blessed, and which I keep for you, and begged us to visit him at Rouen. We did so yesterday, and are to dine with him to-day at half-past six. He took us all over his palace, which is very magnificent indeed, for the old *archevêché* has been preserved: there is a splendid library and suite of rooms. The total absence of the *grand seigneur*, and the kindness and affability with which all the clergy were treated, was very pleasant to see. Not only did they lodge us, and in very nice rooms, at Yvetôt (where for the first time in my life I had a silver wash-hand basin and ewer), but Labbé took us himself to the *abbaye* of Fécamp, on the coast, where we all supped and dined with a clergyman, and were taken over the church by the *curé*. . . . The misery of France in general seems to be hourly increasing. Trade is totally suspended. Nothing is bought or sold but the merest necessaries of life. Confidence is utterly destroyed, and I fear before winter a terrible convulsion will ensue. The one observation of everybody is that no man living can tell what is coming. Paris is still under martial law, which

[1] The late Bishop of Emmaus, at that time the Rev. James Laird Patterson, in Anglican Orders.

is the greatest security one can have, indeed at present the only one. The Archbishop's death[1] has made the greatest sensation—I believe at least 100,000 persons visited him when laid out; 'Our Archbishop, the good shepherd,' was in every mouth. Everything which his body has touched is said to have been carried off as relics."

Again, from Paris in August, he wrote: "I suppose you feel pretty sure that I can't be angry with you at 300 miles' distance, and after a month's absence, but you will remember the prescription of a lady for whom I believe you feel much respect, 'first catch your hare,'—so first be sure of your fact. In this instance you have spent half your letter on a subject which only exists in your own imagination, for I have not thought of using either horsehair or any other penitence, nor can I tell what has put it into your head. Paris is one of the most irreligious places in France; scarcely one man in twenty is a practising Christian, besides one would never compare the working of one system in a city with the working of another in a village. . . . I should think very few people indeed of laity communicated as often as once a week, except in religious houses, but the Eucharist as a sacrifice is brought continually before them, both by its daily celebration, at which they attend, as we at daily prayers, and by the Benediction when It is again exposed. Their thoughts are thus led to dwell much oftener on that subject than is wont with us. . . . There is a great service to-morrow [August 7, 1848] at Notre Dame, and a funeral oration for the Arch-

[1] Mgr. Affre, done to death at the Barricades in the Revolution of 1848.

bishop. He is the only person in France in the last five months whose lot was to be desired. It was a noble end, and I hope has done, and will do, good.

"I have but one desire on the subject which seems to have inspired your letter, viz., to know God's Will, and to do it, and, feeling this, all I can do is to trust you and my children and myself to Him. What is His Will I do not see clearly, but I do see that time is nothing compared to Eternity, and that the way of the cross is the King's highway, and the only way. And if my life were always in conformity with this conviction, it would, and will, be well. And so let us trust Him, without attempting to see one's way beforehand."

My father had before him in France the spectacle of the Church in full action, even though it seemed to produce little result on the hard heart of Paris: at home he had the Fathers, and these powerful exponents of Catholic truths had been at Launton from the first. He says: "As a preparation for a country parsonage I bought St. Augustine and most of the Fathers in the old Benedictine Edition. . . . It was not long before I discovered that nothing in the world could be more different from the 'Church of the Fathers' than the Established Church of England. I learned bit by bit the Sacramental system for myself."

A work on the Holy Eucharist had been suggested by Dr. Pusey, which led my father to even a closer study of the Fathers. Moreover, he had set himself the task of probing the Scriptural foundation of the Primacy. He "defended his communion on the ground that the Primacy had been stretched to a Supremacy, whereas Angli-

LAUNTON CHURCH

canism was an appeal to the former against the latter." One result of these studies was his book, "The Church of England Cleared from the Charge of Schism," which never produced conviction on his own mind, for he writes in his MS., "I was made thoroughly unhappy by the thought that my process of defending the Church of England left no Catholic Church at all."

He could not reconcile this conclusion to what he found in St. Augustine, for whom the Church is as the light of day. St. Augustine, too, offered him solid instruction on another point. He says, "It was a day never to be forgotten (in 1848) when I ascertained for myself from St. Augustine that he worshipped the Eucharist." The passage in question is the very Augustinian commentary of the 98th Psalm, "*Adore the footstool of the Lord, for it is holy.*" More light, or rather full light, came from the Holy Eucharist a little later on.

A great part of the year 1849 was taken up with the "Journal in France," of which book my father has told the story in "A Life's Decision." He was persecuted, though not prosecuted, for publishing an account of the living Catholic Church in France, believing himself to be a true priest. Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford knew better. The Anglican Establishment had broken with the very things which constitute the vital organisation of the Church, the Sacrifice and the Priesthood, and Dr. S. Wilberforce had no wish to see them revived in his diocese. My father describes him as wielding not a crozier but a "stick," and for this there was the best of reasons. He had never received what the crozier represents: parallel lines never meet. On the other hand, the book, which plunged him into a sea of

trouble, brought him this very touching letter from Newman:—

"ORATORY, ALCESTER STREET,
"BIRMINGHAM, *Feb.* 20, '49.

"Thank you very much, my dear Allies, for your most interesting, and, if I might use the word without offence, hopeful book. It cannot be but it must subserve the cause of Catholic unity, of which you must know, I think, there is but one way. You do me injustice, if you think, as I half gathered from a sentence in it, that I speak contemptuously of those who now stand where I have stood myself. But persons like yourself should recollect that the reason why I left the Anglican Church was that I thought salvation was not to be found in it. This feeling could not stop there: if it led me to leave Anglicanism, it necessarily led me, and leads me to wish others, to leave it. The position of those who leave it in the only way in which I think it justifiable to leave it, is necessarily one of hostility to it. To leave it merely as a branch of the Catholic Church for another which I liked better, would have been to desert without reason the post where Providence put me. It is impossible then but what a convert, if justifiable in the grounds of his conversion, must be an enemy of the Communion he has left, and more intensely so than a foreigner who knows nothing about that Communion at all.

"Moreover, he will feel most anxiously about those whom he has left in it, lest they should be receiving grace which ought to bring them into the Catholic Church, yet are in the way to quench it, and to sink into a state in which there is no hope.

"Especially will he be troubled at those who put themselves forward as teachers of a system which

they cannot trace to any set of men, or any doctor before themselves, who give up history, documents, theological authors, and maintain that it is *blasphemy against* the Holy Ghost to deny the signs of Catholicism and divine acceptance, as a fact, in the existing bearing and action of their Communion.

"But of such as you, my dear Allies, I will ever augur better things, and hope against hope, and believe the day will come when (excuse me) you will confess that you have been in a dream; and meanwhile I will not cease to say Mass for you and all who stand where you stand on the 10th day of every month, unless something very particular occur.

"Again begging you to excuse this freedom,—I am, my dear Allies, most sincerely yours,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

The "Journal" appeared in February 1849, and up to July my father was suffering in its cause. He then went abroad with a friend who was himself in the "last stage of Anglicanism." This was Mr. John H. Wynne, who ultimately preceded him into the Church and gave up his whole life to God. His elder brother, Major Wynne, fell at Inkerman, and he would have inherited the family fortune and estates if he had not preferred the Society of Jesus.[1] On August 25, 1849, he wrote to my mother from Naples:—

"MY DEAR MRS. ALLIES,—I threatened you with a letter from Italy while I was in England, and I should have sooner executed my threat had not T. W. A. written so constantly that J. W. could

[1] Father Wynne, S.J., died on October 17, 1893.

never get his oar into the water. He (T. W. A.) is now sitting on the verandah which looks upon the bay, and has been twice to the post to look for letters from you, and as it is two or three days since he wrote to you, I shall send a few lines, though I suspect he has left me little to say that will be new to you.

"You will have heard from him of our rapid transit through France, of our change of route on account of the *quarantina* at Naples, of our sea voyage down the Mediterranean, touching successively at Genoa, Porto Fino, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia. He will have told you how we travelled up to Rome, from thence over the Campagna with a Dominican friar, whose life had been attempted in the late disturbances, and an American gentleman whose thoughts ran upon water-power, railroads, and competition, and who thought Rome dreadfully *out of repair*, and lastly he will have told you of our presentation to St. Peter. We spent ten days at Rome, where the heat was very great, but where, in spite of the heat and the unfavourable season, we were much interested and gratified. Under the most unfavourable circumstances Rome is always Rome and the 'Eternal City.' There is on the western side of the city a well-known conduit styled 'Fontana di Trevi,' whose limpid waters are said to possess such attractive power that the stranger who drinks them is secured a second visit to the capital of Christendom, however distant the home of his fathers. It was here that two English pilgrims were descried in the dusk of the evening of the Festival of the Assumption descending the marble steps that surround the bubbling basin. Seven times they quaffed the gushing stream, and at each draught

they willed a speedy return to the Eternal City. On the following morning before the day had dawned they had left the Lateran Gate, and were travelling along the Appian Way to refresh themselves among the zephyrs and ilex-groves of the Alban Mount and to spend an evening with the Passionist Fathers on the summit of Monte Cavi. From Albano we came by a weary journey (though passing through some interesting country) by Terracina to Gaeta, where the Pope still holds his court, an exile from his Kingdom and his See, in a country palace and provincial town set at his disposal by the King of Naples. Allies will have told you how fortune or the good angels favoured us in the undertaking, how gracious a reception we met with from the Holy Father, how complimentary he was to your husband, and how parental in his parting benediction. He made special reference to recent events in England, and you must never let them fret you any more. If England is unkind, Italy opens her arms to those who love the faith of Christ. If the Bishop of Oxford censures, 'the chief clergyman' on the Continent approves: if Judas would betray, St. Peter has established and blessed. The Holy Father gave us each a present in parting from us (though I consider mine only as given to one of the suite). Mine is an intaglio of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, which I shall keep with all reverence and care and hope to know the power of the Fisherman's key and the Tent-maker's sword.

"We have been here five days, and leave on the 1st of September for Turin. No description does justice to the beauty of this place. Naples is like no other place in the world, both for its natural beauty and the eccentric character of its

population. It has half-a-million of inhabitants, and the first impression they are calculated to convey to a stranger is that they are all mad; but I have learnt a new classification of the human race, and shall henceforward divide them into sane, insane, and Neapolitans. They are a curious *pot pourri* composed of Spaniards, Italian, and Greek, and a common saying is highly illustrative of their character, viz., that three things which begin with F are necessary to govern Naples, 'Furca, Farina, e Festa' (*i.e.* the gallows, grain (food), and gaiety). We had a little adventure last night. We had been to the Camaldoli, a monastery on a height above Naples, commanding a view of the Apennines on one side, the Mediterranean coast with the islands Ischia, Procida, and Capri on the other, and the Gulf of Naples on the third, such scenery as might have disconcerted Pluto and mocked his Elysian fields. On returning the monks showed us a short road homewards, and a man opened a private door which led through a wood belonging to the King. Thinking that the wood was the property of the monks, we would not listen to his application for a reward, and it was surprising to hear how soon his tone of fawning adulation changed to the coarsest abuse when we persisted. He followed us through the wood for about half a mile when, in a fit of disappointment, and having the advantage of a steep hill and a thick and lonely wood, he hurled a large stone at us which flew between us as we walked along. Don Quixote and Sancho instantly turned and set their lances in the rest. The Italian, being extremely enraged and seeing himself attacked, drew a bill-hook from under his clothes and prepared to do battle. At first the affair looked serious, but it ended in an alter-

cation of words in which the Italian language is very rich, and, having satisfied our honour by fighting the foe with the threat of imprisonment and the galleys, we withdrew. I assure you the dramatic attitude of the parties was at one time very fine and quite poetical: Allies like one of Homer's heroes brandishing a mighty fragment of the rock on which we stood, Jove and his thunderbolt depicted on his indignant countenance, while jealous Juno stirred the Italian to the din of battle, sharpened his polished axe, and nerved his arm for vengeance, till Minerva lighting upon the earth rescued her worshipper, and soothed his soul with winged words. It is not, however, fair to inflict a crossed letter upon a lady, so I will release you with many thanks for your kind messages. I hope you endure your widowhood at Lowestoft with equanimity, and that the plan has answered. Pray give my love to Basil and Cyril. Dean writes me a good account of Edward at Lewknor. God bless you. —Ever most sincerely yours,

"JOHN H. WYNNE."

After these expeditions my father returned to his Anglican parish and to the Church of the Fathers in his study. This time he had seen Pio Nono—had received his blessing and his precious gift of the "Ecce Homo."

Early in the year 1850 he was engaged on the work suggested by Dr. Pusey, the subject being the "Holy Eucharist." This is how full light burst upon his soul, for he has described it in his own words:—"Suddenly I know not how or why my eyes fell in 'Gibson's Codex' upon the Act of Parliament in Henry the VIII.'s reign, transferring to the Crown the Papal Supremacy.

'Is this really so,' I said to myself. Dr. Pusey always has told me—he had become my confessor after Newman left us—that the power of the Crown over the Church was a usurpation, but this Act makes it the foundation-stone, the beginning of the separate existence of the Church of England. The more I looked, the more certain it seemed. In the few days that followed I betook myself eagerly to the work of Suarez, *De Erroribus Sectæ Anglicanæ*, and the result was a pamphlet on the Royal Supremacy, viewed in reference to the two spiritual powers of Order and Jurisdiction. I sent this to my chief friends, but I found that no one of them would grapple with the argument. Neither Dr. Pusey, nor Archdeacon Manning, nor Judges Alderson and Coleridge, nor Archdeacon Wilberforce, nor any one else publicly or privately, would meet my authorities and say, 'You have mistaken the Royal Supremacy and the Act of Parliament.' But I found a general disposition to ignore my pamphlet as ill-timed and uncomfortable. It came out just after the Gorham Decision. That wonderful decision laid down the law of the Church of England concerning Baptismal Regeneration to be, that those of her ministers who believed it might continue to believe it and to preach it, and those who disbelieved it might continue to disbelieve it and to preach their disbelief of it. . . . The Gorham Decision had, moreover, a positive effect on my own view of the great question about the Primacy. It made it clear to me as the day that the point was not whether a Primacy had become a Supremacy, but whether the Crown or the Church was to rule in things spiritual."[1]

[1] MS. of 1878.

REV. JAMES A. GRANT BEQUEST TO
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE LIBRARY, 1928

This, it would seem, was the light of which a devoted friend had written shortly before: "*Oh si vous saviez combien je désire que Dieu vous éclaire. La lumière qui vient de Lui est si différente de celle qui jaillit seulement par étincelles des discussions entre les hommes. Celle qui vient de Dieu est pleine, douce, pénétrante, et surtout elle va au cœur. Qu'il Lui plaise, vous la donner.*" Monsieur Labbé's prayer was heard in what appeared a chance reading.

My mother reached the same conclusion by a swifter road. She was a born enemy of shams, and the position of clergyman's wife was always an unreality to her. At that time respectability was the dominant note of Anglicanism, and in marrying a clergyman of the Established Church she had no thought of binding herself to semi-religious life. Catholic piety out of place and season aggravated her, and called forth the spirit of mischief which was part of her character. Puseyism was the exponent of Catholic practices. It made very holy men, but could not exalt the system. It could only galvanise, and my mother never mistook the stroke of mechanism for the pulsations of real life. The Gorham Decision brought conviction to her reason, whilst her feelings were deeply moved by the commotion of the "Journal in France." She could not understand my father's long haltings over every step of the way, and the spring of 1850 found her ready to enter the home of all true souls. "If Tom does not make haste I shall go first," she had written in confidence to a friend, and she kept her word. On May 24, 1850, my father took her to Fr. Wilds, an old priest recommended by Fr. Newman, who could not receive her himself at that moment. Fr. Wilds,

who was over eighty years of age, was living at 10 Upper John Street, and it was in a dingy London room there that the ceremony took place which made my mother a child of the Church. Ceremony, indeed, it could scarcely be called, for Catholics were barely issuing from their penal state, and everything which concerned them bore, as it were, the prison mark. My mother's baptism certainly bore it. The impression left on her mind was Fr. Wilds' extreme fear that the water might not touch her. He took her several times to the light inquiring anxiously, "Have you felt the water, my child?" To this she replied in her own lively way, "Not a drop." "I thought that the ceremonies of the Catholic Church were so magnificent," she used to add in describing the scene. Her faith alone was "magnificent" on this occasion. She knew what she had gained, and, on coming out, said to my father, "Now you are a heretic, and I am not." The great gift of faith which she received that day was grafted on to a rich and powerful nature. Through her keen sense of humour she weathered many a storm. Her strong spirit became the handmaid of her faith, which was never dimmed.

That last summer at Launton was full of anguish. The fruits of sacrifice began in the desertion of friends. No blame can be attached to those who acted on Catholic principles. Among the number was my father's neighbour and friend, Mr. Palmer,[1] Rector of Mixbury, who sent over his daughter, Eleanor, to desire all the servants then at Launton to leave my father and mother. He was once asked whether the Church

[1] Father of Mr. Roundell Palmer, who was created Earl of Selborne.

of England was the Catholic Church, and replied, "You must treat it as if it were." He thus took up the Catholic standpoint over against apostasy, the sin against the Holy Ghost.

To the grief of losing old friends was added the anxiety of a raging fever. My father, of course, had to run the risks of constant ministrations, and on a certain Sunday my mother, who devoted herself to the care of the sick and dying, felt that she had taken the illness. My father told her to pray to Our Lady, and by the evening she was well. He had said a hundred *Memorares* in the day.

He has described his birthday into the Church in "A Life's Decision." With characteristic independence he made the step all his own, and allowed nearly four months to pass before following my mother's example.

My eldest brother Edward was born in London in 1841, and three sons were born to my father and mother at Launton: Henry Edward, Basil, and Cyril. Henry Edward lived only to be baptized by my father. His hands had duly baptized them all, so that they belonged from the first to the true mother of souls. In the time which followed, my little brothers, too, had their part in the great sacrifice of home, friends, and comforts.

My father and mother left Launton in October 1850 for the unknown country of the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER IV

"ELEGI ABJECTUS ESSE"

WHEN in after years my father chose for his "Life's Decision" the Psalmist's words, "Elegi abjectus esse," some people remarked that they would not have objected to be an "abject" if he was one. They had not seen the Golden Square lodgings in that year of grace 1850. My father and mother had exchanged their country home for one dingy sitting-room, and the little boys had no other vent for their high spirits than a square garden and the square cats. It was the famous year when Cardinal Wiseman re-established the Hierarchy, and was greeted, as Sergeant Bellasis recorded, with some very quaint abuse from the Anglican Bench. I think it probable that my father would have preferred a storm of invectives, or even a scourge, to what really befell him—oblivion and the coldness of friends, who now knew him no more. He was thirty-seven, an old head on young shoulders. He had thought volumes, of which, among others, "The See of St. Peter" was the outcome. This book and its successor, "St. Peter, His Name and His Office," have caused the light of faith to dawn in countless souls. How often my father received letters from persons quite unknown to him, thanking him for bringing to them, through his pages, the gift of faith! But in 1850 he did

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not foresee these spiritual victories. He was no longer a teacher: he was a simple layman without *status*, with great desires and aspirations, which were often damped by poverty and its attendant ills. He had come out of Anglican pastures into the back street of things Catholic, for back street it was in 1850, and one in which kindred spirits were not often born.

Father Newman's friendship, which was my father's polar star through life, sustained him in those first months of his new birth. The inducement to Golden Square was probably the vicinity of Cardinal Wiseman. The dingy lodgings were two doors off from that great and good man, who welcomed all converts to his heart. It was December before my father and mother settled in Golden Square, where the taking of pupils became their chief resource. My father was not more qualified for teaching rudiments *rudibus* than a Mozart would be for teaching scales. He forgot that explanations were necessary, and if a pupil showed denseness would pinch his ear and pass on. He used to tell me that he had found only two pupils in his life who loved learning for learning's sake, and they were not boys.

The circumstance which gave him a regular employment, and in a certain sense a career, was his nomination to be Secretary of the (then) Poor School Committee. This took place in the summer of 1853, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Charles Langdale. Golden Square had been exchanged for St. John's Wood, where my father and mother occupied the Priory, North Bank, since famous as the residence of George Eliot. The house was pulled down some seven years ago to make room for the encroachments of the

Great Central Railway. It was not the least part of my father's sacrifice that he became a clerk, and, whilst chafing at a routine which robbed him of his time, he acknowledged the discipline to a spirit naturally proud and ambitious. The death of his sister Caroline, to whom he was much attached, in July 1853, led to his joining household with his stepmother and half-sister. Stauncher heretics the world has rarely seen. They produced their effect on my father's mind, stimulating his reasoning powers and quickening his faith. His Journal supplies a touching narrative of these early years in the Church.

"1853 began with five weeks' uncertainty about the editorship of the *Standard* or its successor, which was suspended before me in the most provoking manner and at last disappeared like a ghost. No sooner did it vanish than came the secretaryship of the Poor Schools to take its place. From February to April this went on. At length, at one and the same moment, by a most singular concurrence in itself, and exactly fulfilling, even to a day, a period which I had before anticipated in my own mind, namely, two years, ten months, and five days, on July 15, God was pleased to take my poor sister Caroline out of this world, and the Poor School Committee selected my name with three others, which led in a few days to my appointment as Secretary. Then the thought arose that if my mother and sister could live with us, our state of perplexity as to temporal matters would be greatly relieved. Most singular and providential seemed to me the acceptance by my mother of this proposition on July 28.

"Besides the editorship of the paper and the

secretaryship there had been other causes of worry all these six months. Since October I had had only two pupils."

This meant *res angusta domi*, sharpened by no desire to learn on the pupils' part. Manuel Paul was among the last, and gave good promise at least of being agreeable, but was summoned away almost at once by his father's death. It was in one of Manuel Paul's letters to my father that I found the following phrase in his funny English: "Give my reminders to Missus," a grotesque instance of what may be said in a foreign tongue.

"On August 1, 1853," continues my father, "I began my work as Secretary of the Catholic Poor School Committee. The state of constant anxiety and fret has subsided. I discourage myself from looking at the future: I strive to leave it absolutely in God's hands. It is no heathen sentiment, though a heathen's words, '*Carior est illi homo quam sibi.*' My trial has a little sifted. Its real force consists in living the life of a clerk, occupied mainly with petty routines, when my natural desire is to study and write. But if it were for God's glory that I should do this latter, He could easily bring it about. As it is, every day brings with it a sacrifice of my will to His; and what is any outward work compared with this inward one? It is true, as I leave my library every morning for dull John Street a momentary pang strikes through me, and on days like this I am prone to sigh over years that seemingly produce nothing. But, after all, 'In Tuo lumine videbimus lumen: ibi *vacabimus* et videbimus; videbimus et amabimus; amabimus et laudabimus: ecce quod erit in fine sine fine. Nam quis alius noster est

*

finis, quam pervenire ad regnum cujus nullus est finis.'—(*S. Aug.*) Undoubtedly, it is just the discipline and correction which I need.

"The chief incidents of the year have been my sister's death, the joining household with my mother and Mary Anne, and Eliza's confinement on Sept. 28. . . . Life in its course is far other than we should have chosen for ourselves: but thus are we led 'up through this thwarting outward world to God.' At seven and twenty worldly honour and official rank seemed to open on me as an Anglican Bishop's chaplain: at seven and thirty all seemed sacrificed to becoming a Catholic; and now at forty I have started afresh as a species of clerk in a city office. What is this, O Lord, to Thy shed at Nazareth; or how proud am I to shrink from a scratch of the nails which pierced Thy hands and feet!"

My father's remarks on heresy and the heretical mind are pertinent. He writes: "Our joint household gets on very well; occasional discussions. Mary Anne's mind is in nearly every point antagonistic to mine. She flies by a sort of instinct to the *loosest* and *lowest* of Protestant writers. I seem to see a very great change wrought in her during the last ten years. Thus she does not consider even a belief in the Blessed Trinity to be necessary to salvation, but seems to make the only fundamental doctrine to consist in belief in the Lord Jesus and His atonement. The Church, the Sacraments, and everything that belongs to the whole ecclesiastical order, the priesthood, the sacrifice, she has a keen and vehement antipathy to; while she is *tolerant* of the wildest vagaries of unbelief, the most patent absurdities on the Protestant side. Yet all this with great moral goodness, great affection for

the young and the poor, very active charity, serene good temper, save when ruffled by Protestantism being discredited.

"Never have I been so firmly convinced, before studying her, that heresy is a deep malady both of heart and mind. I have brought proofs before her, as plain to all appearance as that two and two make four, which she rejects at once. No text of Scripture can be found so stringent, no number of texts forming so firm a chain, which she does not cut through like a straw with her single weapon of private judgment.

"Indeed that one principle,[1] as it has made all theology impossible to Protestants, so it renders all appeal to Scripture useless. All other inventions of the devil seem to me weak and poor in comparison with this. It so flatters and entertains the pride which is the substance of the natural man, that it dwells in his whole nature as in an impregnable citadel. Thus it makes every individual, the journeyman cobbler, the young girl, the woman who is unable to talk consecutively on any subject for five minutes, the servant who can barely read, wiser than Bishops, Councils, Popes, the whole Church. There is no one of them but judges and condemns all these."

(May 11.) "About two months ago Fr. Ignatius (Spencer) came to tea with us. He talked with imperturbable serenity and charity. Just before he went away Mary Anne fixed her eyes upon

[1] Or rather want of principle. I may mention the following incident in connection with this word. My father was preaching one day at Portman Chapel, Baker Street, and used the expression, "bad principles." Sydney Smith, who was listening to the sermon, took him to task afterwards. "You should have said want of principle, no principle, not bad principle," was his comment. So St. Augustine, "the evil will is a deficiency."

him, and said with the utmost gravity, 'It is just within the verge of charity to hope that you may be Christians.' It was a scene not to be forgotten: on the one hand the elderly priest, member of a religious order: on the other, a slip-shod mind, without any standard of truth before it but its own ever-varying notions, pronouncing with the utmost confidence.

"I proposed to her not long ago this difficulty; that the New Testament could not be intended to set forth by itself the Christian religion to men, inasmuch as the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the foundation of all, was rather alluded to than taught, and I contrasted, in this respect, the baptismal formula and the Apostolic benediction with the Anglican article on the subject. To my great surprise she fully allowed the objection, and answered it by saying that she did not think the doctrine of the Holy Trinity was *necessary*.

"I have heard her since say, from Whately, that *principles* only are given in the New Testament, but from this right premiss she draws the wrong conclusion, that they are to be developed by the *individual*, not by the Church.

"The result objected, that in that case no one Christian faith, or body of dogma, is possible, does not trouble her. She admits it, and does not think it a fatal objection. She is asked, If five different persons are at issue about five points, which they all consider fundamental, or involving salvation, who is to determine which is right and which wrong; or are they all equally in the way of salvation, holding to their own opinion? No answer, and not the least distressed by having none to give.

"But above all, the great difficulty in treating

with her is one which seems to belong to all Protestants generically in the matter of religion, that there is no keeping them to one point at a time. If pressed they fly off in another direction, and if pursued there, to a third; so that in the space of five minutes as many subjects, each of the utmost importance, and without any particular connection with each other, suffer in turn this sort of Scythian raid upon them—*e.g.* Dr. Spencer is plied by Mr. Innes with the objection that Our Lord promised His perpetual presence to His Church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it; which promise would be falsified if the Church had ever fallen into error, as all Protestants maintain she has. *Answer*—Where do you find anything about prayers for the dead in the Epistle to the Romans?"

My father reveals in his Journal his secret heart, and its suffering in recalling his first years in the Church. "I have had a novena of the children," he writes, "for my intention, that I might have confidence in God, for this has been the great trial of these four years. I have suffered intensely from anxiety, and suffering has brought with it no sensible consolation. Again and again have I put myself in the hands of God, and recalled to my thought how it was necessary that Christ should suffer these things, and so to enter into His glory, how Our Blessed Lady suffered, and the Apostles, how St. Teresa asked for it, with all the saints, and yet my foolish spirit shrinks back from the Cross. The intellect sees so clearly, and yet the heart rebels. It is especially the sight of my children, and the thought of their futurity, which has in the last month so come upon me."

In December 1853 my father was at Yvetôt, where my brothers were at school under the vigilant and tender eye of Monsieur Labbé. My father thus writes to my mother on December 17:—

"My dearest Wife,—I have been thinking of you again and again to-day—I daresay if I were at home, I should say little to you, with that sort of reserve which you tell me I am guilty of—but at any rate being absent it is a fit[1] day for me to tell you how much I love you, and how much I value you, and how happy you have made me, in spite of so many anxieties from other circumstances, in those thirteen years which God has permitted us to spend together. I am sure you don't know how dear you are to me, and probably never will in this life, as I am not given to make professions, and am not likely to begin that after forty years of age. But you really have been, as much as anything human may be, or ought to be, the light and joy of my home during all these thirteen years. How much worse would all anxieties have been, had you not been there to lighten them.

"And now for a sketch of the last few days. I could hardly get away by 5 o'clock on Monday, and found to my consternation when I was already in the cab that I had your keys. What has been done without them I know not. . . . I reached the pier at Southampton, where I found the two Pollens, just in time. We started at 8, and had a fourteen hours' passage—but not boisterous. We were none of us sick or near it.

[1] My mother's birthday. The family Bible gave the date December 18, and this was the day we afterwards kept, being the Feast of the Expectation.

At Hâvre I was just in time to rush off to the railway, leaving my bag and passport to be brought by the Pollens, so I reached here at 12, and found the children all well, not the least expecting to see me.

"I was knocked up with a headache on Wednesday till the afternoon—change of diet I suppose, and what with the hours taken up by conversation, walk, and meals, it is no easy matter to find time to write. Yesterday the Pollens and I went to Rouen. The Archbishop had a general ordination this morning, before which he confirmed Hungerford Pollen.[1] We were in the cathedral from 8 to 12 o'clock. There were at least seventy-five persons ordained —priests, deacons, sub-deacons, and minor orders. It is a wonderful spectacle—the whole doctrine of the Church embodied in acts, and it made the greatest impression on H. Pollen. The candidates for the priesthood, diaconate, and subdiaconate fell prostrate in an instant together at the beginning of the Litanies of the Saints, being more than fifty in number, and covering the whole choir of the cathedral with their bodies. Then, again, the whole ceremony of making priests is so unspeakably solemn, especially when, forming a semicircle in front of the Archbishop, they say the Canon of the Mass aloud with him. To any one who has been familiar with Anglican ordinations, as I have been, and even presenting candidates again and again, the difference is so remarkable, that alone it would suffice to sweep away every vestige of belief in the sham, while it gives one the strongest possible sense of the reality, and of the unspeakable wickedness of those who maimed and

[1] The late Sir Richard Hungerford Pollen.

dislocated such rites. We paid, however, a slight penalty for this, being almost perished with cold. We then dined with the Archbishop, who had to go through all this fasting. He was as usual very kind; asking particularly after you. I have just returned from Rouen, leaving the Pollens there till to-morrow. I have to settle this evening and to-morrow whether Edward stays here or not; it is a great perplexity. John Pollen goes on to Paris and Rome, but his brother returns Monday evening—and I probably with him—in which case I hope to be with you before dinner on Tuesday. J. P. wants me to go on with him to Paris, but I have not the spirits for it. . . . These people are full of kindness. They live a hard and self-denying life, and will have a high place in the kingdom of heaven. That is the only wisdom, if we could see it in time.

"Adieu, my dearest. Many kisses to the two Maries.[1] I thought Basil's remembrance of his sister very nice. Kind love to my mother and sister.—Ever your most affectionate,

T. W. A.

"Basil sends you twenty thousand kisses. Cyril can only think of thirty thousand—his invention not being very lively. Edward sends his love. It was too bad to be away to-day."

In December 1854, my father was summoned to Dublin to deliver a lecture in the Catholic University on the Philosophy of History. His Professorship in the University fell through for

[1] Mary Helen Agnes, and Mary Frances. It was my father's custom to put the name of Mary always first, even when the child was not to be called Mary.

reasons which he thus expressed: "Spent five very pleasant days at Fr. Newman's Hall, 6 Harcourt Street. I saw more of him I think than I ever did before. The whole work of the nascent University rests upon him. If he were removed at present all would go to pieces. It is the weight of his personal character, which can support and baffle the difficulties perpetually impinging, which is of so much importance."

Subsequent events proved the correctness of my father's judgment. To him the University scheme was of immense benefit, as suggesting the theme of his great work on the "Formation of Christendom," which is in reality the "Philosophy of History" through eight centuries. He has perhaps never surpassed the depth and brilliancy of that opening chapter or lecture, as it was then called, for which the University supplied the motive. Two months later he writes of the year 1854, and of himself:—"*Feb.* 12, 1855. I am this day forty-two years of age. The prevailing feeling with me at every birthday for some time past has been of regret that I was so old. I have been trying to get at the bottom of it, and I have little doubt that its root is my natural desire for distinction in literature, which led me to make that the ἔργον of life. If it be so, of course I must feel that I have done little, and especially that most of my time before I became a Catholic was wasted. Of course I have struggled against this feeling, and I doubt not that it is considerably mortified. I have been long trying to substitute the saving of my soul as the ἔργον of life. In that point of view the retrospect of life is less unsatisfactory.

"*Taking the past year on the whole, I am inclined to think it has been the happiest of my life.* After

the great shipwreck of my temporal fortunes, a little bay for present lingering has been formed. I have got moulded to the work of the Poor School Committee, *and the engagement at Dublin has added a new and more intellectual interest to my life. If the Philosophy of History be not exactly the subject I should have chosen, it lends itself at least to the illustration of the Church and its ἔργον in the world, the one subject of predilection to my mind. Then my home and all its relations have been happy in the past year. The wearing anxiety of former years has been at least alleviated, even if circumstances still enjoined that constant mindfulness of the divine precept, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' was the only mode of enjoying tranquillity.*

"Nothing can be more regular than my life. It is like clock work. Every day in John Street, and scarcely ever going out. Few friends care to invite those who cannot invite in return; and certainly English Catholics are no exception to this rule. There is very very little society in England that I care about, because I have so seldom found any interchange of thought in society here. People are exhausted with their day's work; and the temper of the people is too material to enjoy society as an arena for intellectual conflict, like the French and others. How very rare is a good converser in English. Now, without this, society is to me duller than the dullest ditch-water, and I had a thousand times rather converse with the dead or the living in their writings than have to go through a heavy dinner and the commonplaces of society. . . . Still I should like to know something more of what London contains, from actual experience, than I do know. As it is, I scarcely ever do go

out without regret, the society not being that which is congenial to me. So it has been all my life through, save in a few excursions abroad. My malady has been that I have a mind and education above my station. I can trace distinctly the influence of Eton on the whole character of my thoughts. If I valued birth, wealth, and station for anything, it would be for the power of choosing one's associates. After all, it is well as it is. *Carior est 'cœlis' homo quam sibi*: a truth I have often had to recognise in my life."

The birth and death of a little brother, my father's fifth son, early in 1855, had much influence on his inner life. "On Sunday, Feb. 4, 1855," he writes, "at twenty minutes before 12 a.m., by the mercy of God, little Bernard Joseph was born. . . . At half-past two I took the little boy to be baptized, which was done by Mr. Macneal, and he had the names of Bernard Joseph given to him. My mother, I should say, asked me why I gave him the name of Joseph, having no relation of that name, and *there being no saint so called.*

"Her thoughts had never dwelt upon the 'husband of Mary,' and she seemed to hear of him for the first time. After pondering for a few minutes on the revelation, she observed, 'Well, I can't but say that he behaved very well under the circumstances!'"

My little brother sickened almost at once, and died on Wednesday, March 7. "I buried him," writes my father, "on Saturday, March 10, in the vaults of Our Lady's Church, Grove Road. His little body was laid on the coffin of Miss Ellen Foxhall. He was baptized, he died, and was buried, at the same hour—half-past two.

On the leaden and oaken coffin was placed the same inscription:

BERNARDUS JOSEPHUS ALLIES,
DULCISSIMUS PUERULUS,
POST MENSEM UNUM
CŒLICOLIS ADDITUS.
7mo *Mart.* 1855.

It is a wonderful thought to have two children among God's elect: to know that their crown is certain: that they are in that chosen number to be among whom is the sole end of our life, the sole worthy object of our struggle. I bought lilies of the valley and snowdrops for him, and Eliza wove a crown of lilies which she put round his head. Yet still the thought of his pretty little face continually comes over me, wakening regret for his loss."

Little Bernard Joseph became a holy memory during these early years in the Church which were marked by a more than ordinary interior spirit. He writes on Feb. 12, 1857, his forty-fourth birthday: "I have been reflecting on the course of my past life. Two things chiefly strike me. The depth of disease in my soul, and the divine mercy. I looked back in the evening at the notice of my twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth birthdays. From the last is a period of nineteen years, which it requires all one's assurance of one's own identity to realise. I think one's course in all these nineteen years has been in one direction: 'to make,' as on my twenty-fifth birthday I prayed, 'the love of God my principle of action, and not self-love.' But how destitute of fervour and devotion I seem now. How hard

it seems to love that uncreated Beauty, the type and original, or rather the inexhaustible ocean, out of which earth's brightest and fairest are but drops. Since I have been a Catholic, what fear, and depression, and anxiety, from the overthrow of worldly hopes! How hard to settle to the mere work of sawing and planing in my workshop at John Street, Adelphi. . . . On the 5th February, at Holy Communion, I made mentally Bossuet's *acte d'abandon*, which I had read the day before, and I repeated this on the 12th. He calls it the highest and most perfect act which a Christian can make. This is, of course, when it is made perfectly. Self-love is so infinitely deceiving, that one can hardly be sure that nothing is held back."

CHAPTER V

THE POOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE

(1853–1890)

My father was nominated to be Secretary of the Poor School Committee in August 1853. The Poor School Committee and "The Formation of Christendom" ran on parallel lines in his life, each representing a period of thirty years. The Poor School Committee was instituted by the Bishops in 1847 to meet the requirements of Catholic Primary Education, both before and after the restoration of the Hierarchy. We may be said to be just emerging from the twilight of penal times into broad daylight. In 1853 it was still very dark: bricks and men had to be made. The Committee had struggled into being in the early winter morning, so to speak, and during twenty years, up to the Education Act of 1870, those pioneers of Catholic Primary Education fought with their raw material, and faced a Government hostile with the enmities of three hundred years. In 1883 something had been achieved: Catholic schools had been put on a footing with other denominational bodies, and drew support from their quondam enemy.

As Secretary, my father rendered great services to the cause of education, because he insisted on being more than a mere machine *ad scribendas epistolas*. The very insistence makes me doubt

whether he did not go beyond the rôle assigned to him. A less strong character might have done more ordinary work, taken things less seriously to heart, and avoided personal conflicts. He had been for more than thirty years at his post when he wrote: "My dream of a mixed council of clergy and laity to represent the whole Catholic body in Primary Education turns out to be *σκίας ὄναρ*, from *want of men*," the writer being too much of a man. This, in my judgment, explains the situation, which was not always a bed of roses. At the time of the "Education Crisis Fund," 1870–73, Lord Petre (William Bernard), who was himself actively engaged in the work of education, wrote to him: "If ever a man deserved well of Catholics in this country, you are that man." He would not have been "that man" if he had not been a little more than an official secretary. The fruit of his labours may possibly be seen in the present Council of Education, which has succeeded the Poor School Committee, and is the realisation of his dream.

The thirtieth anniversary of his secretaryship is thus noted on July 31, 1883: "This day I completed what may be termed an epoch in life—a period, that is, of thirty years in the same occupation. On August 1, 1853, when I began my work as Secretary of the Poor School Committee in John Street, Adelphi, I was forty years and six months old: I am now seventy years and six months. It is plain therefore that Providence has intended this to be the chief *occupation* of my life. Nine-tenths of it has been the work of a mere clerk; in the other tenth there was something to be done in promoting the task of primary education. Training Colleges in particular have been to a great extent my work: for in 1853 the

Bishops took no pains at all about them: the Committee not much. Again, the work of ecclesiastical inspection I furthered greatly by putting in Lord Howard's mouth a striking contrast between the pains taken by the State in furthering secular instruction and the indifference shown by the Bishops in *securing* religious instruction. This brought about the *system* of ecclesiastical inspection in 1875. But during all these thirty years I should have drooped and withered but for the *intellectual* work which I set myself, and which has issued in the 'Formation of Christendom.'"

I have said that "bricks had to be made," and my father here mentions the most important of all, viz., Training Colleges. In March 1855, he was sent by the Poor School Committee to Namur, to put this need of Catholic Elementary Education before the Superior-General of Blessed Julie Billiart's Congregation of Notre Dame. "Her answer gave to England the Liverpool Training College."[1] My father always remained proud of a work which he considered his own, for the Training College, Mount Pleasant, was a result of his journey. Its Sister Superior, the late Sister Mary of St. Philip Lescher, was his life-long friend. For thirty-five years he stood by the College, watching it from infancy into its robust working life. He also witnessed the foundation in 1874 of the second Training College for women, that of the Sacred Heart, at Wandsworth, which has since been transferred to St. Charles' College, Bayswater. Last, but not least, he showed unflagging interest in the Training College for men at Hammersmith. These three houses represented to him a life-long devotion of

[1] "The History of the Training College of Notre Dame," 1885.

the intellect to God. He never cared for work in which the mind has no part. I am quite sure that in his Republic, "knowledge espoused to charity" would have been a qualification for citizenship.

Knowledge espoused to charity is the thought running through the following notes of addresses delivered to students at the Training Colleges. They were to learn in order to impart to others the treasure which they had received:—

"The proper conditions of acquiring knowledge—

"*a*. Not as a miser to keep to oneself.

"*b*. Not as a fine lady to exhibit as diamonds.

"*c*. Not as Eve was tempted, out of natural curiosity.

"*d*. But as the highest form of charity, to communicate knowledge, especially knowledge of the faith, to others; for all is deduced from the House of Nazareth, the Crib of Bethlehem, and the Cross of Calvary."

Again, under "Notes for Speech," now nearly thirty years ago, I find the following heads:—

"1. Contrast of the present with the past. A time in my remembrance when there were no *Training Colleges*, no *trained teachers*, no *unity*, and no co-operation in the teachers.

"2. The teacher has to deal with two *powers*, the Manager, and the Government: and two *subjects*, religious and secular instruction. Work in regard of the Manager, efficient *secular* instruction—the school depends on it. Efficient *religious* instruction—the school now its proper place.

"3. Work in regard of the Government. Rigid honesty. The State to be dealt with as a *person*. Great benefit derived from the co-operation of the two powers.

"4. *Provident habits*. Conclusion. Duty to

Pupil-teachers. To repay to them the care they have themselves received. They are grafted into the great line of teaching. They are not *separate units*, but incorporated."

Again, "The acquisition of human knowledge to be blessed by its being made the instrument for imparting divine knowledge.

"1. Feeling inspired by a Catholic Training School. The vast variety of human arts and sciences. Realm of minerals—plants—animals—man—language—grammar—history. Measure of the earth—stars—universe.

"2. The power, wisdom, and goodness of God in all these, mantled over with His beauty.

"3. The purpose for which all these are studied in a Catholic Training School—

"Their employment for an *end*.

"An act of charity superior in the sight of God to any amount of knowledge.

"The expression of the Training School.

"Knowledge espoused to charity.

"The work of education, that to which all this acquisition of knowledge is directed, and the main part of that is instructing in religion.

"Their lives will be blessed, and their work fruitful, in proportion as they bear in mind that all knowledge is to be acquired *for the action of charity*.

"1. Knowledge not to be kept as a miser hoards his money.

"2. Not to be exhibited as a token of excellency, which is a most dangerous form of pride, but to be used for the improvement of others, and the highest form of charity is imparting the knowledge of the true Faith to those under our care.

"A perfect act of knowledge, espoused to

charity,—a teaching sister who submits to give a lesson before Her Majesty's inspectors.

"3. Not to be pursued out of curiosity and restlessness of mind. Eve's original fault."

His constant intercourse with Training Colleges brought very clearly before him all that the State, our quondam enemy, was doing for our schools. This, I think, explains the strong inward impulse which moved him one day to write to the Pope. The letter is headed: "Report upon the Actual State and Prospects of Catholic Primary Education, sent in a registered letter, April 16, 1883, *alla Santità di Nostro Signore Papa Leone XIII. al Vaticano, Roma.*" It is a document of great interest and technical information, which I translate from the original Italian, a language my father at one time possessed as his own.

"OFFICES OF THE CATHOLIC POOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE,
"82 GLOUCESTER PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE,
"LONDON, *April* 16, 1883.

"MOST HOLY FATHER,—The humblest children of the Church possess the right of having recourse to the Holy See or to the Successor of St. Peter, in difficult circumstances, whether private or public. I, who am only a layman, as Secretary to the Poor School Committee for nearly thirty years, am mindful of this right, and feeling very anxious about a danger which, it seems to me, is threatening our elementary schools, I am venturing to approach your Holiness directly. In the first place, let me say that this small document is absolutely unofficial. I have not mentioned it to any one.

. . . . . .

"My Committee's Annual Report (which I am just bringing out) shows that last year, 1882, we received from the Government for the Schools and Training Colleges of Great Britain the sum of £162,887, showing an increase of £13,530 on the preceding year. I will begin with the Training Colleges.

"St. Mary's Training College, Hammersmith, for Schoolmasters, has received £2047, the students numbering 42. The Convent of Notre Dame at Liverpool, for Schoolmistresses, with 104 students, has received £3274. The Convent of the Sacred Heart, Wandsworth, with 38 students, has received £991. The Government grant for a master may be reckoned annually at £50, and for a mistress, during each year of trainingship, at £35, provided they can win the required marks at the end of each annual examination.

"In order the better to show the circumstances in which these colleges undertake the education entrusted to them, may I be allowed to repeat to your Holiness the words I used at the deputation of our committee on the 4th of this month? This was what I then told our chairman, the Duke of Norfolk, Cardinal Manning, and the Bishops. In the past twenty-five years, we have been able to instruct 500 masters and 1200 mistresses in these three colleges, of which two are convents. They have been free to teach, and they have taught, their students, not only all Catholic doctrines, but all Catholic devotions as well; for instance, the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and to Our Lady, the Mother of God. And all this has been done in the most Protestant country in the world, and for all this a Protestant State has furnished 75 per cent. of the expenses. And I took the liberty of suggesting to their

Lordships that the Catholics of Italy, France, Germany, and Spain, would give much to have a state of things so favourable to the Church, for I believe it exists nowhere else, with the sole exception of Canada. And I was bound to add that as far as I could gather from an experience of nearly thirty years, Catholics could not have had Training Colleges without this Government support. Should such support unfortunately be withdrawn, the colleges must cease to exist, we being ourselves unable, or possibly unwilling, to incur so large an outlay, three-fourths of which the Government pays.

"I pass to Elementary or Parish Schools.

"1. In 1870, we had in Great Britain 666 schools under inspection; in 1882, we had 1562.

"2. In 1870, we had 75,127 children on our books; in 1882, 190,540.

"3. In 1870, our schools could accommodate 119,156; in 1882, 314,599.

"4. In 1870, the teachers numbered 799; in 1882, 2943.

"5. The Government Grant in 1870 amounted to £41,527; in 1882, to £162,887.

"6. The contributions of individual Catholics to these schools amounted in 1870 to £25,640; in 1882, to £64,418.

"So much for our progress achieved from 1870 to 1882, under the law of 1870, which some people would wish to alter.

"But there is another issue of the greatest importance.

"Previous to the law of 1870, religious instruction could be given at any time in the schools. No particular time was specified. But that, which was thus left optional, was often neglected altogether. The law of 1870 ordered that every

school should have a fixed time for religious instruction, either before or after secular instruction. Our Bishops, fearing that religious instruction, not receiving any Government grant, might run the risk of being neglected, asked our Committee, in 1875, to institute a system of rewards, to teachers and pupils, for religious instruction, deputing in each diocese one or more priests for the religious inspection of the schools. The Committee spends on this system of religious inspection more than half of what it receives. Thus, as an indirect result of the Education Act of 1870, we may hope that the religious instruction given in our schools is much more regular and efficient than it was before. In 1882 we gave rewards to 213 teachers, men and women, for their efficient instruction; and rewards also to 269 pupil-teachers, besides medals and books to numerous children.

. . . . . .

"In these thirty years, from 1853 to 1883, the British Government has learnt, through its Inspectors of Schools, what Catholics are, and what they teach their children. This free intermingling of mind to mind has removed old prejudices. The Government knows full well the nature of the Catholic population in Great Britain, numbering 1,500,000, of which nine-tenths are made up of the Irish immigration. These being unable to gain their livelihood in their own country, came over to England and Scotland, chiefly to the great cities, such as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dundee, &c. In all this time, under various Ministries, the Government has shown the same justice and courtesy to Catholic as to Protestant schools. I cannot recall a single instance in which the old

hatred of the Catholic faith has made it forgetful of honourable treatment. It allows religious of both sexes full liberty to teach in the schools. If in the three previous centuries it had acted as it has acted in the last thirty years, our history would indeed have been different. In speaking thus I am bearing witness to what I have seen with my own eyes, as my committee is allowed to bring before Government the case of any Catholic school which may have cause of complaint against any Government official.

"Of these schools we have in 1882, 1562 under Government inspection, with 190,540 children, 2943 teachers, men and women. The cost of these schools was, in England, £245,507, of which the Government supplied £119,075. In Scotland it was £48,970, of which the Government supplied £23,619.

"Under our present system the teaching of religion rests entirely with school managers, whether Anglican, Nonconformist, undenominational, or Catholic. All are free, twice daily, if they choose, to teach their religion without let or hindrance. In the matter of religion the State acts the part of a detective (*uno sbirro*), inasmuch as through its inspectors it always has its eye upon the schools to see that no child be forced to receive religious instruction against the wish of his parents. The detective, however, is so well disposed to religion that he wishes it to be taught according to the individual views of the school managers. This last condition is due to the law of 1870. Through this law voluntary schools—that is, those schools which belong to various religious bodies, Anglican, Nonconformist, Catholic, &c., receive from the Government a subsidy towards their expenses in return for the

annual examination it imposes on them. I have already mentioned what our schools and colleges received in 1882. Now the law for the first time caused other schools to be built, which not only receive the subsidy in question, amounting sometimes to half of the whole cost, as in the case of the voluntary schools, but they are also built and maintained by means of a tax levied in every emergency and worked by a Board, who are elected by vote, irrespective of religion.

"Therefore as these schools are maintained entirely at the public expense, whilst the voluntary schools receive only a part of their expenses, these have a difficult position to maintain. This is a great injustice, so that many people who feel it in its present effects, and are fearful what the future may bring forth, would wish to alter the law of 1870.

"Nevertheless, as in my quality of secretary, I have observed everything which has taken place in our schools during these twelve years from 1870 to 1882, I am bound to make the following comments on the two periods. On this account I take six heads :—1. The number of our schools under inspection. 2. The number of children in these schools. 3. The number of children who may be accommodated in these schools. 4. The number of teachers. 5. The Government grant. 6. Individual contributions.

"Will your Holiness deign to excuse the liberty I take in writing, and to impart to me once more the blessing vouchsafed to me in private audience on Nov. 12, 1879.—I remain, your Holiness' most devoted servant and son, T. W. ALLIES."

This is an important document bearing on the progress achieved in 1883. Thirteen years had

passed since the Education Act of 1870, which had inaugurated an era of change in elementary schools. The panic it created amongst Catholics was extreme, whilst it also called forth magnificent efforts. The Education Crisis Fund was a temporary measure of the utmost expediency (1870–73), to which my father gave his services as honorary secretary. It raised a fund of £50,000, which was in great part contributed by members of the Poor School Committee, with the result that the "crisis" was met, and that the cause of Catholic elementary education lived and did well. Up to 1874 the Training College of Notre Dame, Liverpool, was alone in the field for the training of women, and consequently on it fell all the stress of providing certificated teachers to meet the requirements of the Act. The legislation of 1870 looks almost friendly as seen in the retrospect and compared with what now threatens us. It may be that the possibility of an illiberal Bill is a logical evolving of the liberal and tolerant British Constitution; what Cardinal Newman might have called "a proper development."

It will be seen that the Training Colleges and Ecclesiastical Inspection offered a wide field for a secretary of my father's calibre. I was fortunate enough to act as *his* secretary for eighteen years, doing for him the mere clerk's work, which would have so palled on him by robbing him of what he was ever most jealous—his working day.

My father could also speak with authority of higher education as it affected Englishmen generally and Catholics in particular. In the seventies, we were not far removed from the disabilities of penal times, and could ill compete with those over whom the University roller had passed. I

consider that his opinion on the subject has a present interest, and that delivered in 1872, it has been fully borne out by the course of subsequent development.

"The question put to me,[1] whether I think that there is at present deficient provision for the *general* liberal education (University Education or an equivalent, between the ages of 18 and 22) of young Catholic laymen of the higher classes in England, absolutely requires for an answer a statement of the position of non-Catholic laymen in Great Britain and Ireland. Before entering on this subject I wish to eliminate, so far as I am concerned, one alternative in the question by saying that I am unable to conceive of any *equivalent* for an University education between the ages of 18 and 22.

"The position, then, of English and Irish laymen of the higher classes, who are not Catholic, is this. An education carried on in a large number of public and private schools, some of them with great foundations and princely endowments coming down from Catholic benefactors, and others of late growth rivalling these in the number of their scholars and the efficiency of their teachers, is crowned for all those who choose to avail themselves of such an advantage by residence, from about the age of 18 to that of 22, at one of two world-famed universities. Both of these run through the whole history of England from the earliest mediæval times to our own. Since *la luce eterna* of St. Thomas, *sillogizzò invidiosi veri* in the schools of Paris —that is, during the whole culture time of modern Europe—Oxford and Cambridge have been stars in the crown of England. Only

[1] By a Conference of Bishops in November 1872.

think of the power of attraction exercised by them over the thoughts of boys at Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, or again at Marlborough, Cheltenham, Clifton, and Malvern, and every grammar-school throughout the country. There is nothing else like it in the whole world, for the peculiarity of these universities is, in my opinion, this—that they receive into their bosom in one volume the undivided intellectual youth and strength of a great nation. The ancient noble universities of France, and especially that of Paris, the Queen of all, are extinct. Their name is usurped by a wretched creature of Napoleonic despotism which aims to lead captive for the purposes of an encroaching State the whole mind of the country, as the parallel institution of universal suffrage is meant to reduce its will to a perpetual choice between tyranny and anarchy. Germany and Italy and the United States have many universities; but beside that they have not, or have but partially, the domestic discipline of collegiate residence, they draw from part only of their respective countries. They are not fed from sources so abundant as the schools of England. It is not too much to say that the power to encourage study, and to draw forth latent ability, in every public and private school non-Catholic in England, is affected by the existence of these two universities. And this is a power which the changes of the last few years will greatly increase. All local restrictions for college foundations are being done away with. Middle education is being connected with the university. Modern history, modern languages, and law are being taken into the curriculum. If the Olympic Games of England, permanently seated

at Oxford and Cambridge, have been famous in past times, they are likely to be more famous in the future. I remember when the waters of Eton were torpid. They have been stirring enough since, and the flood is in movement everywhere. And everywhere it finds its outlet in Oxford and Cambridge, and, meeting there in a confined space, is the more powerful from its confinement. Beside and apart from the particular studies taught there, young men in the transition state from boyhood to manhood learn to measure themselves with those of their own condition out of the whole growth of England at the moment: and in doing so they insensibly form a due estimate of their own powers by comparison with others on a large scale. Such a process tends at once to humility and self-possession. The attrition of society in Oxford and Cambridge gives to the youth of from eighteen to twenty-two the beginning of a certain quality which seems hitherto almost peculiar to Englishmen, and which is completed in the practical school of the House of Commons —that measured moderation of self-respect and respect for others for the want of which French oppositions fly at each other's throats; and that practical tenacity of purpose for want of which Germany hitherto has never been fused into one nation.

"I view the particular studies pursued at the two universities as quite subordinate in value to the sources of power just indicated—the drawing into one head the youth of England; the touching, as with an electric wire, all public and private places of education throughout the country—the offering to so many of the middle classes the prizes of learned leisure to be gained

on the noblest arena. I believe, moreover, that the instruction given at these two universities, though very different the one from the other, has proved, and is proving, most effective in preparing Englishmen for those various paths of active life into which they may afterwards enter. It is good—or at least has hitherto been good—not so much to produce *Fachmänner*, as to strengthen, enlarge, consolidate, and exercise the mind itself for subsequent work, whether in the learned professions or the political life. But considering how few youths there are who love study for its own sake, and how many the allurements of youth to waste time, I would dwell on the fact how powerful an incentive to the acquisition of knowledge is the sense of being on a field wherein all England, so to say, competes for mastery. The lustre of distinction in such a combat lends an additional force to whatever may be the intrinsic value of the instruction. I think my experience of more than twenty years in the Catholic Church has suggested to me that many Catholic natures need this stimulus, and that a philosopher's class of ten or twenty is not so potent an awakener of mind as a legion of fifteen hundred from a world-wide empire.

"Now from all that I have said as yet the children of the Catholic nobility, gentry, and professional classes are excluded. It will be seen that I do not attempt to compare the manner in which particular studies are carried on in Catholic or non-Catholic schools. I do not touch the question whether the classical languages, the mathematical sciences, history, modern languages, philosophy, are taught with as much efficiency at Ushaw, Stonyhurst, Oscott,

&c., as at Winchester, Eton, Rugby, &c., but supposing us to be equal, or, if it be preferred, superior in this respect, I take another standpoint, from which there is not so much for Catholics, deficient provision for the general 'liberal education,' as no provision at all. For, (1) I consider that the whole superior education of a country is ruled by the existence of university education at its head, and the faculty of enjoying residence there. And from the special circumstances noted above I consider that in the case of English society the collateral advantages comprehended in this are greater than anywhere else in the world. Now here there is not 'deficient provision,' but total exclusion on the part of Catholics. (2) While on the one hand there are at least 500 fellowships or professorships to be obtained as the reward of learning begun and for the further cultivation of learning in after life, I do not know of a single endowment for such a purpose in the Catholic body in Great Britain. (3) I remark that while the payment of teachers is even profusely liberal among those classes who terminate their studies at Oxford and Cambridge, the payment of teachers among us is utterly inadequate. No married man, for instance, would take to it voluntarily for support, or cling to it save as to a plank after a shipwreck. Indeed, as England is pre-eminently a country where the price paid indicates the value assigned to the article, it might be inferred from the remuneration paid to teachers that the one thing in the Catholic body in England which is viewed as leading to nothing, and therefore worth nothing, is learning and culture. (4) I note the practice of employing priests as teachers for a short period before they enter on the work

of active ministry, so that their occupation as teachers does not appear as the great work of their life, and as soon as practice has given them a certain value they are taken away, and give place to the like successors. Of such a state of things as that noted under 3, &c., it is enough to say that a similar state in any non-Catholic college or school would insure the inefficiency of the teachers employed.

"I do not see how a central board of examiners for Catholics more or less on the model of the University of London would meet the disadvantages I have indicated above. I consider the value of an university to consist in the effect produced on the mind by a residence in it. The London University is a misnomer altogether. King's College, on the other hand, so far as it goes, is a reality, and the bringing up Catholics to compete periodically with 'Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics,' is again a reality, and a very ugly one, so far as it goes, but deserves as little to be called an university as the thing in France so called, though for different reasons. The establishment of prizes for competition open to all our Catholic colleges would certainly be a step in the right direction. As 'for the foundation of one or more separate houses of higher study, such as might form the nucleus of a future Catholic university,' I take the value of the suggestion to lie in the probability of the nucleus developing, and this to my mind is simply *nil*. It is about the most difficult thing in the world to make an university *walk*. It is clear that the baby can be produced, but to get it out of swaddling clothes and firm on its legs seems beyond our power. We have not a population sufficient for it. We have enough

to make a good college at an existing university, but not enough to make anything by itself and of ourselves worthy of that great name. And such things as the Board of Examiners at Burlington Gardens, by the side of Oxford and Cambridge, would only be pitiable exhibitions, and by no means do credit to the great Mother of universities in mediæval times. I believe that no human inducement would be strong enough to lead English Catholics of birth and position to send their sons to an Irish university with the chance of bringing back the brogue. Now our numbers in Great Britain, especially if we deduct that portion of the Irish element which is not in want of the higher education, are far too limited to people an university. For these reasons I consider the notion of an English Catholic University to be like a comet of very irregular orbit. When people get impatient under the feeling that they can do nothing with their children during the three years of opening manhood, and suffer under the substitution of mere negation for action, something must be done, and the comet suddenly appears in perihelion. When the feeling has exhaled itself in talk, the comet disappears in aphelion. After watching these alternate phases and effacements for more than twenty years, I have come to the conclusion that a separate university for English Catholics is a mere phantom of cloud cuckoo land.

"Nor can I profess to be satisfied with 'an attempt to obtain admission, without residence, to the degree examinations of Oxford and Cambridge on terms to which Catholics could agree.' I think this might do good, like the institution of common prizes. Anything which would draw us

together, and organise us, tends to good. But the evil lies deeper than these remedies.

"I consider from testimony borne in to me by almost every person of intelligence with whom I am in intercourse, that Catholic youth on their entrance into manhood betray a certain apathy and listlessness in comparison with non-Catholic youths of corresponding position. I account for this by what I have already said. Of course it follows that no adequate remedy can be applied, save by giving to education its proper crown and completion. Catholics were in prison for nearly three hundred years. We were let out in 1829, but after more than forty years we still wear the prison dress. Have we discarded the prison spirit? Are we not still outside of English life? In the meantime, during these forty years a continual progress of dissolution has been going on in the system of exclusion founded by the Tudors for the behoof of their national establishment. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were its last strongholds, and they were definitely surrendered last year. The National Church itself, the Church of the Thirty-nine Articles, is simply going to pieces. She gives up the principle of dogma itself, and society, outside the Catholic Church, has here in England, as elsewhere, no polar star, but is without a rudder and drifting into endless currents. English legislation itself has swept away every barrier to the establishment of a Catholic College at Oxford or Cambridge. It is absolutely beyond our power to found an university, because, besides other difficulties into which it is needless to go, we have not a supply of students to fill one. We have enough for a good strong college, but no more. I do not mean to suggest any concession to the plan of

mixed education. What presents itself to my mind is a Catholic College, as a complete whole, teaching the entire range of university instruction within its own walls, under exclusively Catholic tutors and rulers, so that the students should never look upon any but those of their own faith as instructors. If it be objected that they must submit to the choice of studies imposed by the university, as well as to the examination for degrees, I should reply that both these difficulties already exist in the case of those who attend the degree examinations of the London University. Moreover, there is reason to believe that neither in theology nor in mental and moral philosophy would any studies be required which would be dangerous to the Faith. It is stated that there is a strong desire to treat us with fairness, accompanied by the wish that all should be represented at Oxford.

"If we have been hitherto *outside* of English life, can we not get *inside* it? Is the Mother of all living not to be represented where every miserable abortive of private judgment may henceforth raise its head? We alone have theology and a consistent mental and moral philosophy. Can we not go into one of the great centres of English life, amid structures yet bearing the names of Chicheley, Wolsey, Wykeham, and Waynflete, and keep our own? Can we not maintain Dogma, Theology, and Science where we shall be seen, known, and listened to? Two things are of supreme importance: one, to disconnect the imputation at least, if not the reality, of inferiority and listlessness from Catholics; the other, to bring before the youth of England a true and living picture of Catholic faith, teaching, and conduct.

On the one hand, I believe that the thing wanted to give new life to Catholic education is to bring its students into competition on the same arena with the great mass of the nation. I feel the greatest respect for those who have founded—in the midst of penury and difficulties of every kind—the chief seats of Catholic education, and next, for those who maintain them by unwearied personal self-sacrifice as teachers. I cannot but think that the one thing such teachers want is the infusion in their pupils of that spirit and life which would be produced by the highest form of national education. At present these look forward to nothing beyond their own school. There is no adequate object presented to the Catholic youth for the attainment of which he should give himself to patient study. Without a proper university course, of which residence in an university, which carries the life of a nation in its bosom, is the most special part, Catholics will remain, as I invariably hear them estimated to be, inferior in culture to those who are not Catholic. I have never met with an individual Catholic—priest or layman—who did not think and feel that the English Catholics in the matter of education were far inferior to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Now, much as I reprobate the thought of individual Catholic students entering Protestant colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, I do not see how the mere prohibition of such a course will tend to improve our education, to satisfy the needs felt, and rightly and reasonably felt, or to still the discontent which unhappily is rankling in many minds. But the continuance of our present inferiority tends to encourage even in the minds of Catholics what is a proverb with Protestants—the notion that the profession of the only true faith impedes and hampers the

cultivation of the intellect; makes men ignorant and slothful.

"Weighing the opinions, political, scientific, social, and moral, now in conflict through the world, I think that few things could be more injurious to the formation of a conscientious, orthodox, religious, devout and pure laity than the prevalence of this notion, and certainly few things more prejudicial to the action of the Church on those outside her pale.

"For this is the second aspect under which we ought to view the foundation of a Catholic College in the centre of national life. If She who is alone seated on the Rock were to appear amid these shifting sand-banks, might we not draw to us many minds which are now without rest? Might we not show that we can not only hold our own, but that science, logic, and intellect are on the side of the Catholic Church, as well as the divine body of truth which She alone can present in its entireness? Those who can be ignored at Ushaw, Stonyhurst, and Oscott would have to be counted with at Oxford or Cambridge. And the appearance on that soil of a college with teaching power equal to any, would finally banish from the minds of the youth of England that caricature of Catholic teaching, temper, and manners which more than any other thing impedes the conversion of noble minds seeking for the truth, and would substitute for it a living standard of Catholic worship, faith, and practice, which in the shipwreck of all definite and dogmatic belief on the Protestant side, would act with a gentle power of attraction on natures yearning after what we possess, but taught to disbelieve our possession of it."

These are living words in 1907—more than thirty years after they were written.

CHAPTER VI

"THE FORMATION OF CHRISTENDOM" AND CARDINAL NEWMAN

It was Dr. Newman, always *Father* Newman to my father, who first directed his attention to the "Philosophy of History," which led to his work on "The Formation of Christendom." In March 1855, at the time of little Bernard Joseph's death, my father accepted the Professorship of Modern History, at the Catholic University of Ireland. The chair failed, as I have said; the book lived on. If he had, on the one hand, the "mere work of sawing and planing in his workshop at John Street, Adelphi," he had, on the other hand, food for his keen intellect in depicting the life of the Church over against the powers of the world. No one could undertake the task who was not deeply versed in heathen lore and philosophy. No one knew better than my father how far unaided human reason can reach. In drinking deeply of heathen fountains, he was himself bitten with the Homeric ambition of excelling. He makes the confession over and over again in the pages of his Journal.

He gave himself the one relaxation of foreign travel during the summer, and in 1857 he found it in Switzerland, where he wrote—"I have been led to think in this journey about my past and present life. The strongest feeling has been of

how many follies, errors, and miseries in my past life—the desire of *genius* rather than of *sanctity*—has been to me the cause. I used to think the text, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God,' an inconceivable folly; but surely it is a part of that very folly to mistake the relative value of things. Thus the desire of seeing God, and in Him all light as well as all good, has been through all the first part of my life feeble and nerveless in comparison with the intensity with which I desired one of His gifts, brilliant and intellectual, it is true, but still of the natural order. Even now, though I see through this folly, and recognise that the only value of the creature is that which he is in the eyes of the Creator, and that this value consists entirely in what he is as a moral agent, yet still sanctity does not draw me as the love of genius did. This is deadened in me; but *that* has hardly taken its place. Still I think on the whole, the tendency of my seven years as a Catholic has been this way. The discipline I have received has been ruled to that result. The work I have inculcates that lesson. Occupations which were very painful to me have become less so, and even are placidly acquiesced in as God's will.

"How hard it is to advance a step in sanctity—to act upon supernatural motives—to live above the world, and simply in the presence of God! The dead men of genius, ruined by the misuse of that which in them was most brilliant, lie around us on all sides. What more horrible to think of than the doom of a Goethe! For such a man to have lost '*il ben dell' intelletto*,' which on earth he made his idol. How infinitely greater to lie at the feet of the least of the saints

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in Paradise than to have the greatest name on earth. But what if that great name resounds on earth, while the lost spirit is in hell? Give me grace to sweep my heart clear of idols, O Lord, that Thou alone may enter in and reign."

On 1st January 1860, my father writes in the same strain, revealing his inmost heart—"I am striving daily to feel more entirely that I am *in via* tending *in patriam*. The feeling which I find it most difficult to master is that life has slipped from me unawares, with so little accomplished. But all the past year my prayer has been incessant that the love of God may destroy in me the last fibres of the root of self-love and of vain-glory. What is life but the time wherein we are to learn to love God? How far have I advanced in this? What vanity of vanities is all other learning! O that I could look at my life and shape it, as I shall look at it and desire to have shaped it, with the immediate prospect of death before me. Why is this so wonderfully difficult? ...

"It is almost ten years since in February 1850 the conviction that the civil power in England had at the Reformation taken the place of the Pope came upon me suddenly, and was the means of delivering me out of the Anglican heresy. Why did I not see this in 1845? It lay upon the very surface, and I was seeking in good faith.

"The visit abroad in August 1855 was the first recoil from that state of despondence into which the temporal consequences of becoming a Catholic threw me. I now feel, perhaps, as completely calm as if I had never gone through years so terrible as those from 1840 to 1850. So clear is the vision of Catholic truth to me that I wonder without ceasing at my own former blindness, and at the actual blindness of others. To me it is as

evident either that Catholicism is true, or that Christianity is false, as that two and two make four. How can people believe that Christianity is true and Catholicism false? Such people as my sister are a moral portent to me. I understand well enough Thackeray's phrase, 'A man must either be a Roman or a Babylonian; I am a Babylonian.' What I do not understand is one who professes to believe in the mission of our Lord, and even in His divine Person, and discards all notion of a Church."

All the great steps of my father's life were taken after mature thought, sometimes extending over years. "If Tom does not make haste, I shall go first," my mother had said before his conversion and her own. He weighed the smallest step by the light of reason and conscience. The lecture given in 1855 did not bear all its fruits until it became the first chapter in "The Formation of Christendom." In August 1858 he met Döllinger at Aldenham, and was encouraged by both the German and English historian to proceed in his labours. Father Faber, whom he had consulted, somewhat discouraged him.

"I have since then" (he writes in 1860) "been engaged in forming a view on mediæval and modern history. This may all be said to group itself about the position, political, moral, and social, of the Church towards the State in mediæval and modern times. I am inclined to think that this subject will occupy me all my life. The great object which above all others interests my mind is the Church of God. Ultimately I should like to illustrate the position of the Church in the period since 1300, what Donoso Cortes calls '*le morcellement et le fractionnement de la république chrétienne*.'

This subject grows up more and more distinct before me as I think and read. The introduction to it will be the lectures on the Balance of Power.

"I have felt for several years past a discouragement as if I was not doing that which I had the means of doing. I hope I am not tempted by any desire of vain-glory. I know how subtle this desire is, and how difficult to eradicate. I should like to contribute my stone to that glorious temple of God which He is building up in time amid the perversity of men. There is the living stone of my own soul for the living temple. There is likewise the intellectual structure, in which I would desire to place my stone, *λίθον νοητὸν*. . . .

"I have in the last sixteen months found Leo, Cantù, Donoso Cortes, Dandolo of main service. Cortes is quite of first-rate excellence, and gives one principles, which is so rare. Cantù is honest and upright, Dandolo of slighter texture, but genial. Leo wonderfully exempt from Protestant prejudice. . . . I have just been over the plan of the *De Civitate Dei*, reading parts. Undoubtedly it is the first philosophy of history, and as yet both unsurpassed and unequalled, for I find it deeper and broader than Bossuet's *Discours*. I have found nothing so like a key to history as the following, *De Civitate Dei*, 14, 26: 'Verumtamen Omnipotenti Deo summo ac summe bono Creatori omnium naturarum, voluntatum autem bonarum Adjutori et Remuneratori, malarum autem Relictori et Damnatori, utrarumque Ordinatori, non defuit utique consilium, quo certum numerum civium in sua sapientia prædestinatum etiam ex damnato genere humano suæ civitatis impleret: non eos

jam meritis, quando quidem immensa massa tanquam in vitiata radice damnata est, sed gratia discernens; et liberatis non solum de ipsis verum etiam de non liberatis quid eis largiatur ostendens,' and hence to the end of the 28th chapter, containing the admirable picture of the two cities. For, instead of God the Remunerator, carefully distinguishing between the good and the bad will, as here set forth, almost all authors go on a secret theory 'of the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' and it would be hard to find a more continuous and multitudinous contradiction than that which the course of the world, since the Fall, offers to this theory."

"*Feb.* 12, 1860.—I have now had before me four different intellectual objects.

"*First*, a treatise on the Church, grounded perhaps on Father Passaglia, but likewise on any other treatise which may set forth the idea lost by Protestants.

"*Second*, a treatise partaking of Bossuet's exposition and Leibnitz' *Systema Theologicum*, but according to the needs of 1860, not 1690.

"*Third*, lectures on the Balance of Power, which at present I think will consist of two parts, the first setting forth the Church as the Mother of nations, 800–1300; the second the gradual breaking up of her political power and ascendency until the upshot comes to the present balance of power, *i.e.* force and fear keeping heathendom at bay.

"This work may serve as an introduction to the whole position and work of the Church in modern times, which has hovered before me for years, and seems now to assume more distinct form and substance.

"If I can do anything for the glory of God in these matters, may He enable and direct me."

I may place just at this time some letters which passed between my father and *his* Father Newman as leading up to "The Formation of Christendom." Dr. Newman's first letter of November 22, 1860, presents his view of Catholic civilisation, which in his mind did not alter the tremendous words of the Apostle, "*Totus mundus in maligno positus est.*" The impression these several letters conveyed to my father lasted as long as his life.

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
"*Nov.* 22, 1860.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,—I have been finishing some work which has thrown my letters greatly in arrears, and besides, your letter is an important one. Your book, as sketched in it, will be full of interest and instruction, and I certainly desire you to proceed with it.

"At the same time, I hesitate in accepting your theory, though I don't think it necessary to your book. In so difficult a subject, obviously, all that I shall say will be unfeignedly meant as questions, not objections.

"I do not see my way to hold that 'Catholic civilisation,' as you describe it, is *in fact* (I do not say in the abstract), but in fact, has been, or shall be, or can be, a good, or *per se* desirable. And in thus saying, I daresay I have not expressed myself with that exactness which precludes criticism upon me, but, I repeat, you must consider me, as I am, investigatory.

"You say 'Catholic civilisation . . . was the ideal which the Church aimed at in the Middle Ages, and which she worked into the laws, manners, institutions, public policy, or public opinion of Europe.'

"Now that it is the tendency of Christianity to

impress itself on the face of society, I grant: but so, in like manner, it is the tendency of devotion to increase Church lands and property, and to multiply religious houses; but as the state of the recipient (*i.e.* a given population *hic et nunc*) may hinder the latter tendency from working well (*e.g.* may lead to secularity and corruption in the clergy), so may certain peculiarities in this or that age or place interfere with the beneficial effect of the former, that is, it is not necessarily a good.

"1. St. John says, '*Mundus totus in maligno positus est;*' is this the declaration of an ever-enduring fact? I think it is. If so, the world, though stamped with Christian civilisation, still '*in maligno positus est.*' While, then, I fully acknowledge the homage thus paid to Christianity, why should I think much of what is the kind of homage, and little more, which Achab, when he put on sackcloth, paid to the prophet?

"2. Again, the world is one of our three deadly enemies. Did it cease to be so in the Middle Age? If so, I grant that the mediæval type of society is in fact preferable to the previous and the later. Else, I do not see that that state was more than the shadow of Christianity visible from the accidental character of a certain stage of human affairs.

"3. Again, during the Middle Ages Rome is spoken of, not only as the world, but even as Babylon. How strong is St. Thomas of Canterbury upon it! How the saints are used to look upon the Pontifical Court as in fact almost a road to perdition! Consider St. Philip's title of the Apostle of Rome, and that the correlation to Apostle is a state of heathenism. St. Bernard, I think, speaks as if a man could scarcely be saved

who did not enter the cloister. Surely Christian society was the world, and nothing short of it.

"4. Again, the noblest aspect of man is not the social, but the intellectual. In the Middle Ages Christianity has impressed its image on the social framework. It never has been able to do so on literature and science. As to the *Middle Ages*, the *prima facie* judgment passed on a philosopher was that he was in league with the evil powers. And no one doubts that both in *primitive* and in modern times the intellect of the world has been untamed. If, then, Christianity has not compelled the *intellect* of the world, viewed in the mass, to confess Christ, why insist as a great gain on its having compelled the *social* framework of the world to confess Him? If it was part of a Divine scheme that Christianity should subdue, first the individual, then the family, then the framework of society, &c. &c., why was the subjection of Literature and Science omitted in the progressive series of triumphs?

"5. Lastly, since the object of Christianity is to save souls, I ask, Have we any reason to suppose that more souls were saved (relatively to the number of Christians) under the Christian Theocracy than under the Roman Emperors, or under the English Georges? There are no means, of course, of proving the point either way; but are we prepared in *matter of fact* to hold the affirmative? If not, *cui bono* the mediæval system?

"The conclusion I am disposed to acquiesce in is this:—that certain ages, *i.e.* the ages of barbarism, are more susceptible of religious impressions than other ages; and call for, need, the visible rule of Religion; that, as every animal knows its own wants, and distinguishes by instinct between food and poison, so a ruder people asks for a strong

form of religion, armed with temporal sanctions, and it is good for it; whereas other ages reject it, and it would be bad for them. Mortara's case would have excited as much admiration six centuries ago as it rouses indignation now; and, in matter of fact, it was a good thing for men thus to be compelled to be Christians, and a bad thing for them now. I don't say that it made *more* true Christians, but it was the way by which Christians, were they more or fewer, were to be made. A mediæval system now would but foster the worst hypocrisy,—not because this age is worse than that, but because imagination acts more powerfully upon barbarians, and reason on traders, *savants*, and newspaper readers.

"I have not said a word to deny the abstract duty of using force, &c. &c., any more than I deny the merit of leaving lands to the Church and founding monasteries;—but Prudence looks to the expedient.—Yours ever affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*P.S.*—Let me at your leisure have an answer to this."

"*Nov.* 29, 1860.

"MY DEAR FR. NEWMAN,—I feel exceedingly obliged to you for answering my letter, and for setting before me the difficulties which occur to you.

"I have read your letter again and again, and pondered over it, but I remain in doubt whether I have grasped the view which you meant to convey, especially in its positive part. It is as when I read the Epistle of St. John, to which you refer. I see *a* meaning, but am not sure that it is the meaning which the Apostle meant to convey, still less that it is *all* his meaning. If,

therefore, I do not answer to the point, you must take it as an unintentional mistake, not a voluntary substitution of some other meaning for yours.

"You do not, then, see your way to hold that Catholic civilisation, as I describe it, is, *in fact*, has been, or shall be, or can be, a good, or *per se* desirable.

"I suppose I mean by Catholic civilisation the founding natural society on the principle of the supernatural end of man; measuring the world by the Cross, and planting the Cross upon it.

"Now I entirely admit that '*mundus totus in maligno positus est*' is the declaration of an ever-enduring fact. But is there any incompatibility between this fact and the Catholic civilisation as defined above?

"*e.g.* Take marriage as the basis of natural society, and sovereignty as its crown. The Church consecrates both. She treats the relation between husband and wife as the image of the relation between Christ and the faithful soul or the aggregate of faithful souls. And she treats the head of the earthly state as the image of the King of Kings. Now surely Christian marriage is an immense gain to Catholic nations as distinguished from Protestant or heathen populations; and Christian monarchy an immense gain to those who possess it as contrasted with the 'Kings of the Gentiles.' Yet both this marriage and this monarchy form part of that *mundus totus* which all the while *in maligno positus est*. Corn. à Lap. gives four interpretations to this sentence, which come nearly to the same thing; I take one. '*Totus mundus positus est in maligno, id est, in malitia et concupiscentia quæ sollicitat ad omne scelus.*' The

Christian husband and the Christian monarch have all day long the three great enemies assailing them. One comes out a St. Louis, and the other a Louis XV. A *Rex Christianissimus* may live like Tiberius at Capri, which is enough to prove that for him too '*totus mundus in maligno positus est*'; but is the Most Christian monarchy therefore no gain upon Cæsarism or Napoleonism? You say, why should I think much of what is the same kind of homage, and little more, which Achab, when he put on sackcloth, paid to the prophet? I acknowledge that Achab in sackcloth is a most fit image, *e.g.* of Frederic Barbarossa leading Alexander the Third's mule into Venice. But has not Solomon, pronouncing his prayer of consecration in the temple, his value and his antitype? Is St. Louis walking in dalmatic behind the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Paris no improvement on Clovis? This was the Church's work of civilisation, and if St. Louis' grandson renewed at Anagni '*l'aceto e il file*,' it was proof enough that still '*mundus totus in maligno positus est.*' Must you not give a somewhat Manichæan meaning to the text in order to make it tell? For instance, '*mundus totus malus est*' might have this force. Now does not this line of thought completely meet your No. 1 and 2? And so as to No. 3, strange and startling as the facts are, it is no reflection on the *bonitas* of the *optimum*, because '*corruptio optimi est pessima.*' These dangers were inherent in the spiritual authority itself. It was to Peter Our Lord said, just after describing his office, *But and if that servant shall say in his heart*, &c.

"So, again, as to No. 5, if the mediæval system did not save more souls in proportion than were

saved under the Roman Emperors or the English Georges, surely the fault lay not in that system, but in the overmastering inroad of unsubdued barbarism, or the force of the three concupiscences, which remain in full action under any system. But what would the same times have been *without* the mediæval system?

"The only point on which I feel inclined to question your *facts*, as distinguished from their interpretation, is in No. 4. 'No one doubts that both in primitive and in modern times the intellect of the world has been untamed.' Yes, so far as each individual man has possessed a *liberum arbitrium* of accepting or rejecting the truth. Literature and Science, viewed in themselves, are no more obliged—that is, necessitated—to yield to Christianity than a Christian husband or monarch is necessitated to live according to those relations. But, taking the whole period of its existence, Christianity has captivated to its sway as many minds of every degree and order of excellence as have refused to own it. In Literature, especially, its conquests have been so great that even its enemies, in spite of themselves, are half Christian. While attacking Christian dogma, they have appropriated Christian morality: *e.g.* compare Voltaire with Plato. The Greek heathen will advocate the community of women; the Christian apostate, as impure a mind as can be found, has before him an ideal of moral goodness which he accepts, or pays homage to, at least, in spite of himself.

"But where will the difficulties of No. 1, 2, 3, and 5 carry you to? Will you stop short of a Church of the Catacombs? Already in the time of Pope Damasus, the Prefect of the City offered to be a Christian for the sake of the temporal

grandeur which attached to the papal office. St. Gregory viewed the spiritual functions of the Papacy as a great obstacle to his sanctification: as tossing him back into the flood of the world. Nay, does not St. Paul already cry out against the burden 'of the care of all the churches.'

"I wish you would enable me to take a firmer grasp of your positive view. I am in doubt as to it at present, but it seems to me that the result of your letter would be a restriction to St. Augustine's position of a *Civitas Dei* and a *Civitas Diaboli*, and that all beyond this may be tenable or desirable, *hic et nunc*, but not *per se*.

"Now is it not against this that the Church has shown the greatest reluctance to surrender her mediæval position? Has she not stuck, as it were, tooth and nail to that consecration of the *mundus*, that taking possession of it with the cross, which I have called a Catholic civilisation? I see to-day that the *Times* advocates the loss of temporal power as in itself desirable for the Pope. No more sagacious exponent, I suppose, of the heretical mind can be found than in the *Times*. Its whole system consists in the desecration of the *mundus*. On the other hand, scarcely in a thousand Bishops can one be found to advocate giving up the temporal power. But is not this temporal power the very consecration of the mediæval system itself? And the Holy Father defends himself by anathemas against all who touch it.

"I have a difficulty in the way of my own view to which I do not see any solution. It arises from the frightful state of things in Christendom generally, from 1300 downwards, until the

Catholic Reformation under St. Ignatius and St. Philip took effect. We have the mediæval system, tone of thought, public opinion, in full break up, by *internal causes*, as early as 1350. These causes, whatever they were, led to the so-called Reformation. In any estimate of the Middle Ages, and the Church's position during them towards the world, this fact must be taken into full account. Nor is it easy to over-estimate its importance. I only doubt whether it is not conclusive against the view that the mediæval position of the Church towards the world was the normal, or κατ' ἐξοχὴν, the Catholic one. Had it been so, instead of coming to an end from the operation of internal causes, it would have maintained and strengthened itself, as the Church after the Tridentine restoration. Thus it would seem that the theocratic period is not the natural completion, the crown of Catholic civilisation, the ultimate working out of a position which the Church was intended to occupy permanently, but a temporary stage, the best under the circumstances, a position which she occupied for the defence and maintenance of order, civilisation, even religion itself, in a great struggle; but a position which was to be changed when the circumstances of the struggle changed. Thus Ozanam says, 'One must look at the evil as it really was, that is to say, frightful, precisely in order the better to recognise the Church's services, whose glory in these ill-understood ages it is not to have enjoyed a reign, but to have waged a conflict.'

"Do you think the subjects of the lectures will stand?—Believe me, Dear Fr. Newman, affectionately yours, T. W. Allies."

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
"*Dec.* 4, 1860.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,—I am very anxious not to be defending a paradox, and you will do me a great service if you keep me from such an absurdity. I will try to make my meaning clearer; and, if I succeed in this, I shall, *ipso facto*, as I hope, be recommending it.

"1. My *assumption* is, that the revealed object of the institution of the Church is to save souls.

"My *position* is, that there is no *probability in facts* (*i.e.* no *evidence*), that one organisation of society saves more souls than another.

"And further, that there *is* an *antecedent probability* the other way (viz. that one organisation of society is *not* in fact better suited for this great object than another, except accidentally), from the circumstance that the world—that is, human society, *in maligno positus est;* from which it is natural to suspect that organisations, abstractedly good (whether in themselves or in portions of themselves), are so intimately bound up *ab initio* with their own corruptions, that they are likely not to be good in fact, and that they need not work well in the concrete.

"From which I would draw the *conclusion*, that the mediæval political system, whatever good principles it might contain, and whatever good provisions it might enforce, still, as being only accidentally better fitted than another system for saving souls, is not, in the Divine Purpose, included in that object.

"On the other hand, that one system (*i.e.* the mediæval and others besides it) accidentally, *i.e.* at a given time and place, is better suited than another for the object, I not only grant, but would maintain. And I fully concede, that this

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or that method of State action (humanly speaking) is absolutely necessary at a certain crisis, in order to extricate the Church from existing difficulties, and setting her on her course again;—though this remark applies to Victor Emmanuel quite as well as to Charlemagne (without of course denying the sin of the one and the merit of the other), and, moreover, allows me to consider that a system, *e.g.* the mediæval, enforced out of season may save fewer souls than some other system.

"2. To illustrate or recommend what I would maintain, take the Episcopate as Constantine found it at Nicæa in 325; and take it again as Theodosius inherited it in 381 at Constantinople. It is not in point, when this *malignus mundus* is concerned, to maintain that the establishment of the Church *ought* to have saved more souls in a given number of Christians, or that it embodied high and true principles, but *quære* as to the fact which of the two Episcopates was in the better state, as to personal sanctity, and as to power of saving souls? Yet the Emperors had, with great merit to themselves, put down heathenism, destroyed its temples, built churches, and inaugurated a Christian legislation.

"(The one real *undeniable* (then and there) good which they did was to increase the number of baptisms. I grant they thereby increased the percentage (so we may trust) of souls saved. But this runs into another question, distinct from the mediæval system, the propagation of the Gospel in a heathen population, in which the highest idea, contemplated in Scripture, is not the way of Constantine, but of St. Peter, St. Augustine, St. Patrick, and St. Francis Xavier, *vid.* Mark vi. *fin.*)

"Take, again, the *de facto* state of the French clergy, as in the last century and as in ours: is it clear that, in proportion to their numbers, the clergy of the eighteenth century saved more souls than the clergy of the nineteenth?

"Again, take Rome, in which the mediæval system has continued up to this day, and which is honeycombed with secret societies. Have we any reason to think that more souls are saved (in proportion to the Catholic population) in the diocese of Rome than in the diocese of Dublin?

"On the other hand, where are the clear instances in your favour? granting the foregoing are *ex parte*. When has the mediæval system acted with undeniably greater effect (in appearance) in saving souls than another system? That can hardly be said to be included in the Divine Purpose, which cannot be clearly shown to have special *fructus animarum*.

"3. My meaning will be further illustrated by the objections you propose, as I should view them.

"(1) 'Take marriage as the basis of natural society. . . . Surely Christian marriage is an immense gain to Catholic nations as distinguished from Protestant.'

"Certainly, if you could have it, and not other things with it, which can never be *in mundo maligno*. That recognition of a Christian doctrine must be taken as a *part of a whole*, and the question is not, whether the particular provision is or is not a good, but whether the whole state of legislation, the mediæval organisation, the system did not necessarily *de facto*, and, in virtue of its containing much that is Christian, also contain much that is unchristian.

"(2) 'Surely Christian monarchy is an immense

gain to Christians who possess it, as contrasted with "the kings of the Gentiles."'

"That is, an immense gain *towards the saving of souls?* I grant that State protection, patronage, sanction, is such, *i.e.* in its abstract idea, but is State patronage always so in fact, and in the concrete? I say, no, because in fact patronage always has been, always will be, something besides patronage, *in mundo maligno;* it will be interference. When the State gives, it will always take. The *Quid pro quo* in Christian Legislation is Imperial Prerogative. Constantine built churches, and delivered his opinion about orthodoxy and heresy. He honoured bishops, but he introduced himself, and preached to them, in their Œcumenical Assembly, and called himself a 'bishop for external matters.' We must consider, then, what State Patronage in the concrete *connotes;* viz. State influence in holy things. It is a beneficial thing for bishops to be princes, as we learn from the history of the Middle Ages. I am not speaking against ecclesiastical establishments; I am but asking whether there is proof that the Church saves *more* souls when established, than when persecuted, or than when tolerated.

"(3) You say, 'It is no reflection on the *bonitas* of the *optimum*,' that '*corruptio optimi est pessima*.' Well, I consider that that '*corruptio*' is coincident, synchronous, with the introduction of the *optimum;* so that in fact the *optimum* and *pessimum* always go together. Is it clear, then, that the mediocre, neutral, *i.e.* toleration, may not in certain states of society save as many souls, nay more souls, than an *optimo-pessimum*. May not I prefer, at this day, for the saving of souls, a Gallio for my ruler to a Philip II., a Gamaliel to a St. Louis?

"(4) You say, 'Strange and startling as the facts are' (of Rome in the fifteenth century, &c.), 'these dangers were inherent in the spiritual authority itself.' I should read this sentence, 'These evils were inherent (considering *mundus in maligno positus est*) in the spiritual authority in *fact* and in concrete, if exalted to a temporal throne.'

"(5) 'What would the mediæval times have been *without* the mediæval system?' Much worse than they were; because, as I have said in my former letter, the system was suited to the times; but that does not prove that it was suited to all times, to these times; and, if not suited to all times, how can it be included in that object which *is* for all times? How can you speak of the Gospel converting first the individual, then the State, as if the two were in the same order? The mediæval system was a great triumph for the Gospel, and I am puzzled to say what it was in the way of benefit for the souls of men, considered as a whole.

"(6) 'Will you stop short of a Church of the Catacombs?' This implies that I think some other organisation of society *better fitted* for saving souls than the mediæval. I meant to say no such thing, I meant to say that, *in its day*, the mediæval system was best fitted, but not in another day, that it had great advantages, but greater counterbalancing disadvantages; that it could not be called a divine object, assuming (1) that the Gospel aims at saving souls, and (2) *mundus in maligno positus est;* that, while it was suitable to the times in which it was found, it was not suitable to such times as these. I certainly think that (humanly speaking) it would lessen, not increase, the number of the elect in the

nineteenth century, and that it would be as great a mistake to apply Ferdinand's or Philip II.'s system to England, as to have established the Bill of Rights, &c. &c., in the Jesuit missions of Paraguay.

"(7) Has not 'the Church shown the greatest reluctance to surrender her temporal power'? *Distinguo:* here are two things: 1, the Church's, *i.e.* the Holy See's temporal power, *relatively to other States*, is one thing; 2, the Pope's mediæval system in his own State is another. *We* are speaking of the latter, the *Times* of the former. The present Pope, rightly or wrongly, has to a certain extent wished to modify his absolutism, but he has shown no design or wish to lose his temporal *status*. We may *conceive* his being an European sovereign, and yet not keeping the boy Mortara from his friends. I do not discuss whether it would be morally right.

"(8) Your last remarks, on the difficulty resulting from the history of the Church since 1300, I quite concur in. I did not urge it, as knowing you felt it already. It is no difficulty in my own view of the matter. When you say, 'the theocratic period of the Church is but a temporary state, *the best under circumstances*, a position which she occupied for the defence and maintenance of order, &c. &c.,' you exactly express my meaning.

"(9) I have one difficulty of my own. A *blessing* comes on a State adopting Christianity. What is meant by this? and 1, is it a *temporal* blessing on the body politic? or 2, a blessing on the *individual* rulers? or 3, a spiritual blessing on the population?

"(10) I have said nothing about my No. 4, in order to narrow the ground.

"As to your list of Lectures, I think it excellent, and that the Lectures will be most valuable.

"I hear nothing but good reports of Cyril.[1]—Ever your affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"Believe me to feel exceedingly the crudeness of this letter."

"*Christmas Day*, 1860.

"MY DEAR FATHER NEWMAN,—Your last letter has been of great service to me. It has brought out the meaning of the former, and so facilitated its acceptance, as you anticipated. I have nothing to allege, which at all satisfies my own mind, against your powerful exposition of '*mundus totus in maligno positus est.*' What I feel is the old instinctive struggle against the fact itself. This is, I suppose, at the bottom what led me to dream of a Catholic civilisation, not in theory only, but in act overmastering corrupt nature, and making the empires of the world yield a not unwilling homage to the Church. You have convinced me that it will not do. They are rebels from the beginning to the end; the single soul is the work of God, and lasts into eternity, and so brings Him glory in eternity, but all human polity and civilisation stop with this life, and have no counterpart in the eternal world.

"So I thank you once more for deliverance from a great error, which would have embarrassed me not a little, and which made the history of Europe from 1300 a downright enigma to me.

"There remains your own difficulty, into which fall, I imagine, all those promises of the Psalms and Prophets which seem to contemplate the

[1] My brother Cyril was for a time an Edgbaston "boy."

dominion of God, realised not only in the abstract, but in the concrete, over the kingdoms of the earth, such as '*Reminescentur et convertentur ad Dominum universi fines terræ; et adorabunt in conspectu ejus universæ familiæ gentium; quoniam Domini est regnum, et ipse dominabitur gentium.*' '*Adorabunt eum omnes reges terræ, omnes gentes servient ei*,' &c. &c. Now is not a Catholic Church finding its own among individuals throughout the nations of the earth a somewhat inadequate fulfilment of these promises? Can it be that they are not absolute, but dependent on man's co-operation? Or again, how are they to be reconciled with that which always strikes me as the master prophecy, clear and decisive as a word from the Word should be in comparison with the veils through which His prophets spoke? 'And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world *for a witness* unto all nations; and then shall the end come.'

"I think you have disposed of my objections, save perhaps one, that in which I alleged that the Church had shown the greatest reluctance to surrender her temporal power. Here you distinguish between the Holy See's temporal power relatively to other States, and the Pope's mediæval system in his own State. But it is the former of which I meant to speak chiefly. The Pope being King because he is Pontiff is, I suppose, in the same order as Bishops sitting in the House of Lords, Christian legislation, &c. In history the era of the Pope's temporal power inaugurated the era of the Church's establishment; and the greatest misgiving which I feel with regard to its continuance is that this great attack upon it follows the general disestablish-

ment of the Church, carried out in some countries, and preparing, seemingly, in all. Now it is to *this* temporal power that the Holy Father clings, with anathemas on all who touch it. As if the Church felt some great fruit of souls depended on its continuance. For instance, I should imagine it was anything but clear, as you hint, that the clergy of the Church in France in the eighteenth century, *in proportion to their numbers*, saved more souls than the clergy of the nineteenth. But then, taking France as a whole in 1760 and in 1860, would you not suppose that many more souls were being saved at the former than at the latter period? The Church has drawn in her tents; a larger proportion of those in the tents may be saved, but the loss of those outside is enormous. Does this account for her clinging to establishment? The burden of her song seems ever, '*Beatus populus cujus Dominus Deus ejus*.' Is not this against your position that there is no probability *in facto* that one organisation of society saves more souls than another? The state of toleration succeeding the state of establishment seems a judgment on the nation. It may be at the same time a chastisement to the Church. So the Reformation appears a most fearful judgment on the nations suffering it, while it synchronises with the bracing and restoration, but at the same time the contraction, of the Church.

"'I am but asking,' you say, 'whether there is proof that the Church saves more souls when established than when persecuted, or than when tolerated.' But now must not one apply your own argument here? Must one not take into account what persecution connotes, and what toleration? Persecution that the Church is

acting on a small minority of the nation; and toleration that the vast mass have turned away in indifference from her. Could you have the Church reaching as many under a system of toleration as when established, I should admit the superiority of that position; but in proportion as things tend to that, toleration tends to establishment. Toleration is practised in France, where it means indifference; in England, where it means undisputed reign of Protestantism; in Ireland, tardily and most unwillingly under the buckler of the English constitution; in the United States, where a number of Protestant sects keep each other in balance. In all these countries (save Ireland) is there not an enormous loss of souls, compared to the harvest which would accrue to the Church if established, taking in, that is, baptized infants? When you prefer a Gallio for your ruler to a Philip the Second, you must take Gallio's concomitants, as well as Philip's. To get rid of hypocrisy and State interference would be clear gain, but what if in consequence you are reduced to act on a fraction of the population? Catholicism is perhaps nowhere so free as in England, but it seems hardly to touch the English mind at all.

"But, however this may be, you have proved to me that I was wrong in speaking of the Gospel converting first the individual, then the State, as if the two were in the same order. Still, I should like to know what is meant in the great prophecy of Daniel, where not only is the Church paralleled and contrasted with the great empires of the earth, but its supremacy over them in the same order seems asserted. . . . Hitherto the eighteen hundred years exhibit the Gospel preached as a witness to a very limited portion

of the earth. Are we living in the first scenes of the drama rather than the last? The Papacy as established by St. Gregory VII. seemed to allure one like a fulfilment of the prophecy: according to those noble words uttered over the dying saint, 'Vicar of Christ, in exile thou canst not die, for God has given thee the Gentiles for thine inheritance, and the ends of the earth for thy possession.'

"I understand your caution about making the descent from one pair a point of faith exactly as you intended it.

"Mrs. Allies joins me in the kindest Christmas wishes to you and yours.

"Cyril seems down in the mouth and dull, I can't tell why.—Ever, dear Father Newman, affectionately yours, T. W. ALLIES."

A third letter of the Father's on March 5, 1861, forms part of the same subject:—

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
"*March*, 5, '61.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,—The *quotidiana sollicitudo* of little things, which is a considerable penance, has been the cause of yours, among other of my letters, remaining so long unanswered, though I have never forgotten that I had to attend to it.

"At first I was quite frightened at your decided acquiescence in what I had written to you, for I felt very diffident about it, and I was unfeignedly investigatory, as I told you. But then I recollected a sermon of mine, written more or less thirty years ago, in which I have drawn out the very same view, and founded it upon the same text—and this gave me comfort, that what I had urged upon you was at least not crude or hasty.

It is Sermon 3 (cxxxi.) of 'Plain Sermons,' vol. v.

"As to my own objection, which you draw out, I am inclined, as far as I see, to answer *distinguendo* :—'*Beatus populus*'—this either means —(1) people, or (2) State polity. If the former, surely '*beatus*,' and no mistake, and the 'people' will develop its faith in a corresponding State polity. This is the high sense of the word '*nation*,' including both the *matter* and the *form* of a people; of which the instance is Spain for many centuries down to this day. But if the latter, *subdistinguo*, the *populus* is not blest directly, but, if blest, blest indirectly *through* the State or Ruler. And he is blest or not, according as he acts (1) with the people passive or neutral, or (2) against the people. (1) Thus St. Stephen of Hungary, and St. Oswald of the Northumbrians, were blessed (and their people through them) because they carried their people with them; but (2) I cannot see that prince or people would gain any blessing by any such forcible attempts as those of James II. to make the English Catholic.

"I have expressed this view incidentally in my second lecture on 'Catholicism in England.'

"Now you may say that Catholicism has often been established also; true, but Catholicism does not depend on its establishment for its existence; but it can do without it, and often dispenses with it to an advantage. A Catholic nation, *as a matter of course*, establishes Catholicism, because it is a Catholic nation; but in such a case *Catholicism comes first and establishment comes second;* the establishment is the spontaneous act of the people; it is a national movement, the Catholic people does it, and not the Catholic Church. It

is *but an accident* of a particular state of things, the result of the fervour of the people; it is the will of the masses; but I repeat, it is not necessary for Catholicism—not necessary, I maintain, and Ireland is my proof of it, &c. &c.

"Then comes the question, *what kind* of blessing. I doubt whether it can be temporal, from the instance of Ireland, not to speak of Spain. But I should suppose it to be of many souls saved; or of great saints.

"As to your question whether *more* souls *on the whole* were not saved in France last century than this, taking in infant baptism, I answer by proposing (fairly) an insolvable question,—Is God glorified more by many saved or by great saints? And may not the mass of holiness, quantity and quality, be greater in France now than last century.—Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

These letters were written before "The Formation" was begun. Two more, amongst others, were received whilst the book was in course of composition. The one, I think, was called forth by my father's choice of Cicero as a typical heathen, and the second refers to the great subject of slavery. My father's share of the correspondence is unfortunately wanting.

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
"*Oct.* 26, 1863.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,—At the moment, I have nothing, alas, to say to your reference to Pliny. I think I had seen it years ago, and thrust the inference from me. But I cannot feel it but as a far sadder fact than any about Virgil. Virgil is a man of words, Cicero of deeds as well as words.

I have been long accustomed to consider the heathen writers as included under the type of Balaam (and I think a good book might be made in defence of the Old Testament against the detractors of the day from such evidence of its supernatural depth). What so beautiful, noble, *classic*, as Balaam's speeches! in the Protestant version they are quite musical. 'He hath shown thee, O man, what is good,' &c. &c. Yet think of his actions! is there a good one of the whole? Can there be a more atrocious one than his worst? Now in Virgil I have ever recognised the prophetic gift of a Sibyl, but it is not a gift *gratum faciens*. His half sentences have ever been to me, as I daresay to you, and to numbers, thrilling oracles, speaking to the heart; I recollect as a boy at school how I was moved by the line '*Tu ne cede malis*,' &c. Such too are such words as '*O passi graviora*,' &c. '*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*,' &c. &c. And I wonder whether this was not part of the reason why Virgil was made a magician in the Middle Ages, and again, the reason why Dante pays him such singular reverence.

"What we see so emphatically brought out in Virgil is seen in other classics. Who so grave, so severe in taste, so austerely beautiful as Sophocles? Who more true to the great laws of divine governance, providence, and immutability? Contrast all this with the man, as implied in Cicero's words, '*At enim prætorem, Sophocle, decet*,' &c.

"Now with all this I have long familiarised my mind to acquiesce in—but what then? What do we know of Sophocles' life? What of Virgil's? It is otherwise with Cicero. His whole life is spread before us as on a *votiva tabella*, and on

the whole, for a pagan, he passes the scrutiny fairly. This is why I am so shocked and disappointed by the reference you have sent me.

"I agree with you that Döllinger's is an awful book, but there are other aspects of it. What especially impressed me, on reading it, is the view which it gives of the *impossibility* (humanly speaking) of the Apostles' mission. The description it gives so minutely of the various rites, traditions, and immunities of the pagan rites, which covered the whole ground as a tangled underwood, subtle as a spider's web, and strong and terrible as the works of a steam-engine, illustrates what I mean. How simply hopeless the undertaking seems! Well, at this day when miracles, as such, have well nigh ceased to be an argument for Revelation, the *work* which was effected must prove the fact of the miracles, by proving the fact of a revelation. And all evidences, I suppose, take that shape. We have known of old that the Resurrection was "shown openly, not to all the people," but to chosen witnesses. Hence Daley undertakes to prove generally some miraculous interference, on the ground that twelve men will not die for a *fact* which they professed to have witnessed, without its being a fact, though they will and may die for an opinion. The portentous arduousness of the work effected is another branch of the same proof, which has often been insisted on, and for which Döllinger brings together a surprising amount of matter quite new to me.

"Another thought suggested by Döllinger is the keen contrast and antagonism of light and darkness there was in that age between the Church and the world. 'The whole world lieth

in wickedness'—that is fulfilled in every age. And yet now nations outside the Church are in matter of fact far different from the heathen world. To say that a Roman or Greek of the first centuries was not a Christian, was to pronounce him steeped in the most hideous sins, and hence heretics, simply because not Christians, were objects of deepest pity and dread; and hence *in fact* the early heresies were only forms and expressions, in one way or other, of shocking immorality. Of course what makes a man radically different in God's sight, is not the mere freedom from actual vice, but the presence of supernatural grace. And again, when you look beneath the surface even in a country like England, you find tokens of abounding, superabounding, impurity, dishonesty, cruelty, and avarice, to say nothing of pride. Yet I cannot but believe that the contrast which (say) the middle classes of Protestants among us, which Protestant homes, present with Roman life in the Imperial era, as described by Döllinger, is a note of the present existing influence and effect of Divine Grace (considering what human nature is when left to itself), of the same logical force (the same in kind, I do not say in degree) as the notes of the Church. And if I am driven into a corner and have the dilemma put to me, 'You must either think these deeds or habits, these wishes and prayers, natural, not supernatural, or you must believe these people are in invincible ignorance,' it seems to me an easier hypothesis to take the second horn of the argument.

"This is a rambling letter, but I will end it by coming back to the subject I began with, and asking a question which bears more closely on

your Lecture: Should one not see in accepting Döllinger's statements that we take them just for what they are worth? I mean we ought to consider to what eras, what stages of history, what districts, they apply. Vices sweep over the face of society suddenly, especially in heathen times; a nation might be virtuous one year and vicious the next. St. Augustine makes much of the natural virtues of the early Romans. I should like to collect the passages in the ancient writers, in historians and geographers, as Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny, which make definite statements, *e.g.* of the sin which we have been writing about; so far as they notice it directly, not indirectly, in, so to say, the Celts, or the Scythians, they would imply that either their own people, or at least a sufficient assemblage of other peoples, did not indulge in it in their day. It should be recollected too that the Roman roads effected pretty much what railroads are now effecting, making two worlds close to each other and incommunicable—the world connected together by high-roads, and the world outside them—town and country. The Roman went as quickly as he could from Rome to Treves or to Sicca, and he built then a mimic Rome, with its amphitheatre, capitol, basilica, and baths. He knew nothing of the inhabitants of the country an inch on each side of him. It was like the intercourse by means of ships, which brings together cities, and cities only, into one. Alas, I do not say this with any great hope, but I should like to know if there is room for *audi alteram partem*, in favour of that second world thus cut off from Roman contamination—and I say it, not as at all expecting to find *virtue*, but with the chance of the absence of proof of hideous vice.

"And I confess the recommendations of St. Paul to slaves, which I have noticed to you, weigh with me here, and lead me to question whether you can fairly generalise Seneca's or Juvenal's declaration.—Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*P.S.*—I write to you as I have time and anything to say. You must excuse desultoriness."

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
"*Nov.* 8, 1863.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,—I have not answered your letter of Oct. 26 about slavery because it is so large a subject, and it is so difficult to put one's ideas into order. These lines, such as they are, must be my excuse for not saying more, and perhaps the means of making it clear that I do not materially differ from you, though I do still at some of the sentences of your lecture.

"I think slavery is in the same order of things as despotism. Every word which you quote from Cochin can be made to apply to despotism. But I should hesitate to say that despotism is *per se* evil, for Almighty God is δεσποτὴς, and a father is despotic over his young children. But *practically* (as in like manner we say that the θυμητικὸν and ἐπιθυμητικόν), though in themselves not sinful, yet in us, being what we are, infallibly run into sin, become sin, in fact, so despotism is practically and certainly a great evil. So is slavery. Christianity destroys both the one and the other; but by influence, not by declaring their illegality. (*N.B.*—'But they *are both* illegal,' *i.e.* they were 'not from the beginning,' yes, but not so bad as polygamy.)

"That which is intrinsically and *per se* evil, we

cannot give way to for an hour. That which is only accidentally evil, we can meet according to what is expedient, giving different rules, according to the particular case.

"St. Paul would have got rid of despotism if he could. He could not; he left the desirable object to the slow working of Christian principles. So he would have got rid of slavery if he could. He did not, because he could not, but, had it been intrinsically evil, had it been *in se* a sin, he must have said to Philemon, Liberate all your slaves at once.

"My first criticism, then, on your lecture was this, that you seemed to me to make slavery the *root* of evil in Roman civilisation, whereas it was but one of those potent instruments of evil which corrupt Roman civilisation used, and which made that corrupt civilisation more corrupt.

"It is difficult to get an exact parallel, but take the profession of arms. This profession arises out of the corruption of nature, and it is, ever has been, and I suppose ever will be, a hot-bed of corruption itself. It is not in itself sinful. It may be restrained in its bad tendencies. Under circumstances it may not only be allowable for an individual, but *for him* the least dangerous. As things are, we have obligations, we men of peace, to the army which never should be undervalued, but I am looking at *itself*. Can an institution for the young and enterprising, which does not allow of marriage, which enforces long periods of leisure, which contrasts seasons of the most intense interest and romantic action with the reaction of listlessness and appetite, which multiplies the chances of sudden death, can such an institution be practically, to the vast majority, be other than a school of vice and crime and

spiritual ruin? Surely slavery can be *tamed* more easily than the military profession. Which did most harm to the soul, the Jewish slavedom or the Jewish army?

"An army is a greater instrument of sin than slavery. It is the instrument of a Timour or an Alexander in introducing both slavery and despotism. Yet it is not in itself a sinful institution. St. Peter bids us submit to every '*humana creatura*'; I suppose he included all these three. Slavery may be worse in a particular state of society than the other two, but not in itself. I had rather have been a slave in the Holy Land than a courtier of Xerxes or a soldier of Zingis Khan.

"The military profession is not sinful, yet its particular professors or deeds may be atrociously wicked. The institution of slavery, as of despotism, is one of its bad deeds. If a wicked effect does not make the profession of arms evil, I do not see why a wicked origin should make slavery *per se* evil. I say this in answer to what you say about *ἀνδραποδιστάς*. True, to enslave is a horrible sin, yet comparative good may come out of sin in this sinful world. To refer to your South Carolina case, that poor slave found South Carolina a more religious place for her than she would have found the territory of the King of Dahomey. American slavery admits the introduction of more antagonist good than African despotism.

"Slavery, then, is not evil *in se*, except in such sense as despotism is, or the military profession, and therefore cannot be treated more than one of the symptoms, effects, aggravations, instruments of Roman corruption. I read your lectures as taking the opposite view.

If you do not, I have made much ado about nothing.

"And now for the second point, which is a question of fact. Holding, as I should do, that slavery admits of being better and worse, and fully allowing that its condition was as bad as it could be among the Roman nobles and in great cities, I wished to question, or rather I claimed to be allowed to ask proof, for its being so bad elsewhere, to ask proof whether what (*e.g.*) Seneca says applies to the whole Roman Empire, or even, as applied to Rome, has not something of rhetoric in it; and I do this on the ground that whereas slavedom was not a sinful institution in itself (for this I here take for granted), though it came of sin and tended to sin, St. Paul, on the other hand, does not add slaveholders to manstealers, does not tell Philemon to manumit his slaves, and actually tells the slaves at Corinth to remain slaves though they could be free. I should have thought Corinth as bad as South Carolina; but I cannot understand any priest now allowing a penitent to remain in such occasions of sin as you describe, when she had the option of getting rid of them. I am not making an objection, or arguing a point here, but owning myself fairly puzzled. And, if you recollect, I began in what I said about slavery by remarking that, if left to myself, I might be disposed to speak as strongly as you do, but that the tone of the inspired writers held me back.

"As to your letter of November 4 and the state of the heathen world, I have nothing to say, except one remark in extenuation of the awfulness of the problem which it involves.

"I suppose it is allowable to hold that the material universe has lasted for a period beyond

all numeration; that the words. 'Let there be light,' and still more, 'In the beginning,' relate to eras which are million times million years removed from us. But theologians tell us that the angels were created certainly not later than the moment of material creation, and, as many great Fathers say, *before* the material creation. If before, they have been in existence *all but* an eternity; and even if 'with the heavens and the earth,' for innumerable millenaries. These being considered, *what histories* there are of which we know nothing! what wonderful æons of dispensations; and all without sin (except the great revolt). Now, the 'times of this ignorance,' the heathen centuries, which are in themselves so great a stumbling-block, are as a small drop in an ocean, in the view of angelic history, and probably those heathen times are just one small necessary condition of a Dispensation as much wider than paganism as the whole sidereal system is vaster than the wheels of a watch; but I have neither time nor space for more.—Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN."

Begun in 1861, "The Formation of Christendom" was finished in 1895. Its eight volumes represent very surely something done for the glory of God. The philosophy of history, on which they are grounded, is a powerful contribution to Church history. During the course of thirty-five to forty years they formed my father's inner and intellectual life. He spent himself on the work which he considered his life-work. "After the work of saving my soul," he wrote in his Journal, "it is my work in life to defend the See of Peter." From the inaugural lecture on the "Philosophy of History" down to the

last page of "Monastic Life," there is unity of thought. All converges towards that central See which is the Root, the Bond, the Crown of Christendom. The foundations of Christendom are set in that heathen Rome which the writer knew to the core, and depicted to the life. Heathendom and the Christian faith are shown in typical men: the Roman orator and the African saint, of far greater genius and character than Cicero. The best that human reason could achieve is set forth in "The Philosophy," of which the third volume gives a succinct account. My father wrote in 1874: "The last seven years have been given to one subject, involving great labour and accurate thought. At the end of 1867 I had marked out a subject to come at the end of the three chapters, on the three ages of the Martyr Church, which I thus defined—'The double failure of the Greek *σοφία*, *i.e.* to create a consistent doctrine and a *πολιτεία* founded on it, and the double success of the Christian Church.' I had allotted one chapter for this; it has taken ten to carry it out. But if I had known the difficulty of the subject, and the labour it would cost, I should certainly have shrunk from it, and it has left the lesson, to weigh carefully in whatever time I may yet have to work, before beginning a subject, what the treatment of it involves. There remain yet two *momenta* to be considered in the Church's history from Claudius to Constantine; the first, the force which martyrdom contributed to the effect which she wrought in those three centuries; the second, the overthrow of the Satanic enthralment, the *redemption* of the world from his usurpation, to which the miraculous power placed by Our Lord in His Church contributed. Without the treatment of

these my work in twenty-two chapters remains without even that partial completeness which it has in my thought. It was intended originally to show the homogeneousness of the Church's work in any age. But '*das Leben ist kurz, die Kunst ist lang!*'"

Four volumes prepare the way for "The Throne of the Fisherman," and this is significant. It rests upon the sure foundation of Our Lord's triple charge to Peter, and it was my father's task to prove it from the historical point of view. More than another he was concerned to show how a primacy involved a supremacy, how the *primus inter pares* becomes supreme. The first volume has its garland in the chapter on "The Virginal Life." "The Throne" has two chapters on the "Flowering of Patristic Literature," which will appeal to every mind with an innate love of what is beautiful; most of all to those who value "the Christian Faith as the dearest thing they have." As a matter of fact we know little about the Fathers, and we sorely need just the food which they could give us. St. Augustine compares the living bread upon our altars to mother's milk. He and other Fathers have eaten the Scriptures, so to say, and reduced them to milk for the children of the Church. Men are cold, flippant, and incredulous, because their spiritual constitution is not founded on their Mother's milk. My father's chapters will serve as a guiding thread to the reading of the Fathers. He pays them a tribute for the Catholic education and training which they gave him in his Anglican days. It was not, however, to Chrysostom, the almost martyr, nor to Athanasius, the incomparable thinker and champion, that he chiefly owed the great teaching of

the Holy Eucharist. It was in the pages of Augustine that he first read for himself the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and the doctrine which may be said to be essentially Augustine's—that of Unity.

The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations constitutes vol. vi. of "The Formation." It is a page little known in the birth of spiritual Rome. Few, if any, Catholic historians have considered the simultaneous rise of Nova Roma, and of Old Rome, the one as typifying the secular, the other the spiritual power. There was a singular feature about the withdrawal from Rome of the Roman Emperor, and the reduction of Old Rome to the rank of a provincial town under an Exarchate. It was as if Divine Providence wished to show whence the power of St. Peter's See came. All human elements of greatness were lavished on Byzantium, and lacking in proportion at Old Rome, and it was the radiation of the imperial court, its reflection, which gave lustre to its imperial See. St. Leo opposed the demands of St. Pulcheria and her husband that Nova Roma should have a spiritual rank second only to Rome. His seven successors "stood as one man," but their seven contemporaries at Nova Roma (Constantinople) showed unity of purpose only in one thing, subservience to the Emperor, who made them what they were. My father saw the vital importance of historical details in this question, and gave them with no sparing hand. From Anatolius to John the Faster the struggle was going on, which he knew to be the confirmation of the Primacy. Rome made itself heard above the clamour of emperor and courtly bishop, though shorn by one stroke of imperial favour and of its human greatness. Five times plun-

dered, always by its position, the goal of ambitious invaders, it drew strength from Peter as Constantinople's Bishop drew influence from the Emperor. The claims which St. Leo had resisted were put forward later on, and the See of Nova Roma did indeed attain the second rank in the Church till the time when overweening ambition burst out into heresy and schism. The most that the new capital and its sovereign could do was to make an Œcumenical Patriarch, for so he is called in the laws of Justinian. The process, too, was a gradual one, extending over the 140 years from St. Leo to St. Gregory. Whilst the Bishop of Constantinople was the second person in the East, claiming œcumenical authority over all except the Pope himself, he acknowledged the Primacy, although "seated in a provincial city, pauperised, and decimated with hunger and desertion." "Peter's Rock and Mohammed's Flood" deals exhaustively in nine chapters with the "Rock" and the "Flood," the Popes and Mohammed. Some may view the "Flood" as the most fearful page in the probation of the Church. One thing they will gather from this volume, and that is the action of the Papacy as a bulwark against the destructive torrent, which would have torn away from the world not only the basis of faith, but also the security of morals. Mohammed sanctioned immorality, therefore his system would have sapped human society. It does not follow that Mussulmans are all bad; in their lives they are often irreproachable; but then they are listening to their own conscience, not to Mohammed. "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" is acted upon by hundreds who carry out the false prophet's commands in comparative regularity of life, if

the word may be applied to a system which tolerates four wives. In one particular at least, they are examples to Christians, and that is, in the external fervour and punctuality of their daily prayers to Allah. My father did not reckon with the individual Mussulman because he had before his mind that systematic sanctioning of polygamy, which is the destruction of human life, and the note of Mohammed.

The eighth volume completes the seventh, for St. Benedict is the antithesis to Mohammed. He offered the true peace of the Gospel instead of sensual satisfaction, for the monastic life is a pure development of the Christian teaching. The unity of the Christian Faith founded another unity, political unity, and those who retired from the world were in reality its greatest benefactors. They withdrew from men to save their own souls, it is true, but in their deeper, intenser being, gained others insensibly; so now *being* not *doing* may be the winning force. "Monastic Life" has a suspicion of dust and past ages, opening by a long quotation from St. Athanasius' Life of St. Anthony. It is in keeping with the subject, and yet I do not consider the whole passage of actual interest. This volume was written between 1892 and 1895, and was my father's last. His "Formation of Christendom" closes with Charlemagne, and fitly, for although the Philosophy of History belongs to every time, he may be said to have done his work with the philosophy of the formation.

This was the work on which his mind lived, from 1861 to 1895, and even to the end in the citadel of Catholic peace. His "Formation" was to him what the Cross is to the Carthusian: *stat crux dum volvitur orbis.*

CHAPTER VII

THE THOUGHTS OF THIRTY YEARS

(1860–1890)

THIRTY of my father's most fruitful years were passed in a noisy London street. In 1860 he left St. John's Wood for Portman Street; then again, in 1880, he moved to 82 Gloucester Place, in the same neighbourhood. The offices of the Poor School Committee were in each case at his private dwelling, and continued to be so till in 1890 he retired from his Secretaryship, and once more found himself at St. John's Wood. His labours were immense. They would not have been small had he been only a secretary, for he was always at the beck and call of priests and others, who sought for technical information relating to education. During all those thirty years he was working on his "Formation," and living what seemed a very hard and dry life.

Amongst his inner circle of friends, Aubrey de Vere held a very special place, as, I should say, the nearest kindred spirit to his own. No one watched the birth and progress of "The Formation" with warmer interest. It was an intercourse of mind to mind, for, meeting seldom in the flesh, they remained closely united in the spirit. I believe it is a privilege of intellectual natures to anticipate the life of pure spirit, which is far removed from the drawbacks of time and

place. An intellectual question is a feast for deep minds, as it is a fast for dull ones. Aubrey de Vere wrote as he talked. His correspondence with my father began about 1860, and ended in the twentieth century. Age did not cool the ardour of these spirits, nor change their ideals. In 1867 they were corresponding on the Irish Question, to which Aubrey de Vere had contributed a pamphlet. My father wrote to him on Jan. 25, 1867—"I wish I could think that there is statesmanship enough among the fever of our parties to lay to heart the truths which you bring before them. Nothing can be more temperate than your statements, and they go, I think, to the root of the whole matter. But are Englishmen and Scotchmen, as represented in Parliament (to say nothing of Irish Orangemen and their influence), prepared to treat the life, the property, the religion, and the interests of Irish Catholics in the same way that they treat their own lives, properties, religions, and interests? If they would, perhaps it might even now be possible to make Ireland a part of one united empire. No doubt they feel the miserable weakness which the state of Ireland brings upon the empire; but are they magnanimous enough for its only remedy? At all events it will be a comfort to you to be doing your part of the work.

"Will you allow me a criticism? In p. 24, you say, 'A good man naturally wishes that in every community there should be developed the utmost good of which it is capable;' and eight lines further, Protestant and Catholic 'both may join in the wish that its proper duties, which are those to its own members, should be discharged with the largest spiritual results.' I have a difficulty here. Every heresy, viewed in its col-

lective character, is an organised rebellion against the one Body of Christ. The English and Irish Establishments are specially, not by accident, but by their inmost essence, foes of the Church. Can a Catholic therefore desire that 'their duties should be discharged with the largest spiritual results'? The better they are as to internal efficiency, the worse enemies they are to the Church, and the less likely are their victims to be delivered from their meshes.

"We may indeed wish for individual heretics to perform their duties with increased zeal, because the more strictly they follow the law of even an erring conscience, the more likely they are to be drawn out of their error into the truth. But is it not otherwise with the corporate improvement of the bodies to which they belong? What soldier, fighting for his lawful monarch, could wish that the rebel *armies* should be in an effective state? He must desire their destruction as armies."

This letter drew the following reply, by return of post, from Aubrey de Vere:—

"CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE,
"*Jan.* 27, '67.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,—Many thanks for your very kind letter. I am much obliged to you for having waited till you had time to read my pamphlet before answering it, and glad to find that you think my principles sound and my language temperate—the two things I chiefly aimed at. I wish I could give a satisfactory answer to your question as to what statesmen will do. I can promise them, however, that what they will *not* do is to pacify Ireland by any imaginable amount of Liberal speeches, suspension of the

Habeas Corpus Act, or Industrial Development, until they have done away with the Religious Wrong. *What the priests feel the people will feel.* If all the clergy preached against DISLOYALTY, as Dr. Fitzgerald did the other day in Limerick, even that would not avail. The real question is the *positive*, not the *negative* one. The Irishman must be a *positive* Loyalist, or he will be absolutely unreliable in times of danger, and in ordinary times his sympathies will not be either with the State or with England. The old Catholic system of Endowment balanced the popular sympathies which the clergy ought always to feel with equal sympathies in favour of what is stable and historical in Natural Institutions. The common link of *landed* Property made them understand the claims of the Monarchy and Aristocracy as well as those of the People. Their *sympathies* had a natural gravitation in the right direction, and for this reason, not because they preached against Disloyalty, the People whom they unconsciously influenced understood the claims of a positive Loyalty. On this principle, as for other reasons, I regard the 'Voluntary System pure and simple' as uncatholic and democratic; and of course it must become still more so when the evil is aggravated by an unjust ascendency. So my answer to your question is that the State must either learn this lesson, or 'make its soul' as soon as it conveniently can.

"I am very much obliged to you for your criticism on such sentences in my pamphlet as 'a good man naturally wishes that in every community there should be developed the utmost good of which it is capable.' I do not think we shall differ on the subject when I explain my meaning. Of course I can put no other com-

munities into the slightest comparison, whether Ecclesiastical or Spiritual, with *the Church*. All Roman Catholics hold the *Organic Unity* of the Mystical Body of Christ, and disbelieve in even the nearest approach that counterfeits this, such as the 'Branch Church Theory.' To make the smallest parallel between scattered fragments (of human origin, and no Supernatural Gifts or Powers) and that Church which is universal upon earth, because it is one with the Church Triumphant above, and united with its Divine Head, would be preposterous. But this is not, I think, the question.

"Every community that calls itself Christian retains more or less of the Virtue which the true Magnet conveys to these little iron filings. It seems to me our plain duty to wish that they should retain the *more* and not the *less* of it.

"The better the Community is, the better its several members must be; for the Community is good simply in proportion as it retains the Faith and trains its children to keep the commandments. To wish the utmost spiritual good to each individual in these separated Communities is surely our duty;—and what is this but to wish the good of the Communities? To wish their *permanence* would be quite another thing. But Mohammedanism shows us that the more consistently bad an erring Community is, the greater is its chance of permanence.

"Plainly, if we separate the Individual from the Community in *this matter* (in other matters of course we must), wishing well to one and evil to the other, we are bound not only to wish the greatest good, but to wish the greatest evil to the latter. We ought to wish the Anglican Community to accept Presbyterianism and the West-

minster Confession, and the Scotch Kirk to accept Unitarianism, and the Ulster Arian Body to graduate in Mormonism. What then would become of the *individuals* brought up in these bodies? Of course they must be much worse than now, while they remained in them;—and, as all experience shows, infinitely less likely to leave them by submitting to the Church.

"Invert the process;—raise the Kirk to the Anglican level, and the English Establishment to that of a devout Tractarian Body, and England must soon be filled with Catholics. If my aspiration were accomplished, every English Protestant would be what Dr. Newman was some years before his conversion. Is it not the duty of a Catholic to wish this on the ground of Catholic Interests, and the duty of a Christian to wish it unless it could be shown that conversions would thus be rendered less likely?

"An English army in France is *essentially* the enemy of the French, and stands there but to destroy it. Of course no Frenchman could wish it well. But the ignorant and stupid war against the Church to which the Anglican Community is committed by the past, is by no means the main ground or object of its existence. Nine hundred Englishmen out of a thousand, if asked why the E.C. existed, would answer in perfect good faith, 'To conduct the worship of God and bring up each generation as Christians.' If that Church Establishment were to fall before it has been properly under-propped by the spread of Catholicism, the mere separation of the idea of Religion both from that of *Law*, and that of *Tradition*, would throw half the nation, I think, before long into such a state of unbelief that the argument of the Catholic missionary would be as

much thrown away on his hearers almost as on brute beasts. The people would not have the simplicity of barbaric races, which were easily converted. They would be poisoned by the exhalations of a corrupt civilisation . . . intellectualised animals.

"I think, then, not only that we may, but that an enlightened Catholic is *bound* to wish that every separated body should perform to the utmost that its providential position admits, its duty to its members, and that this is one of the chief providential means by which the largest number of those members may be either brought out of error, or saved through invincible ignorance. I should, of course, think it dangerous to say anything of *this sort* relatively to the Church of England more than to the *non-established* Dissenting bodies, as it might tend to keep up the illusions of the 'Unionists.' In some other respects, of course, the Church of England does differ from them, both for the better and (as regards freedom) for the worse. In these respects I think we ought to acknowledge it frankly for what it is. The danger does not appear to me so great from speaking frankly as from putting forward but that side of our opinions which seems most to depreciate what is uncatholic.

"An immense force seems to me communicated to grave and definite censure when obviously united with an equal readiness to do full justice to the thing censured. Otherwise it passes for the criticism of a partisan. The reply made is, 'He does not understand the Body he is criticising; perhaps he does not wish to understand it. I will answer him by retaliating his charges, and picking holes in his system.' Now the oldest and largest Community must needs have most of

these holes to pick (since its Individual members are not rendered impeccable), just as an old palace has more beetles in the cellars and cobwebs on the roof than a snug 'new box' built yesterday; and the Protestant whose ill temper we have excited in place of allaying it will never have time to reach the real subjects needful for his inquiries.

"And have we not reason to ask ourselves whether what the Protestant may think factious in a Catholic critic may not in reality come from party spirit and sectarian narrowness? Our being Catholics no more preserves us from such temptations than from any others. The Church, apart from its Divine claims, is incomparably the greatest 'cause' on earth. As such, it must recommend itself to the defence of both larger-minded and of ardent men, and as it is always the object of the most wicked, or of the most ignorant attacks, there must always be a great deal to call out partisanship and faction on the part even of its true sons. In proportion as we give way to this temptation we make the Church look like one of the *Parties and Interests of the day*, which is as dangerous an illusion as any to which Protestants are exposed. The Church alone can afford to be either just or generous in her controversies, and that severity of judgment which she alone has also a right to exert can never be so plainly a Divine attribute as when her sons temper it most with a just and generous forbearance.

"I think also that in this matter we owe a debt to the bodies so unhappily separated from us. Every day I think worse of Protestantism as a System, but better of Protestants taken individually. The number of persons who have the

plea of invincible ignorance, despite learning and apparently special opportunities, I am convinced is immense. If this be the case, there can be no reason for doubting that very much of supernatural as well as of natural virtue exists among them. I sometimes ask myself whether, in this instance, those who have the few 'talents' have not often traded with them more faithfully than those who have the 'ten.' The real assertors of Private Judgment, and the real enemies at war with the Church, were the *Founders* of Heretical and Schismatical Bodies. With the later generation it is a matter of Tradition, and we cannot guess how much of the Catholic Tradition has blended itself with 'traditions of men,' where good-will exists. Above all, I believe that of all the obstacles to a restoration of Unity *far the greatest* is that presented by the shortcomings of Catholics—not only their sins, but their feeblenesses, their trivialities, their cowardice, and everything Sectarian in their temper which makes the Church wear for Protestants the disguise of but the oldest and largest 'Sect.' We have an *amende* to make Protestants in this matter (for we have all the excuses their cramped position and slender lights afford to them). One of our first duties to them is to show them that the Church cannot be *Latitudinarian*, but the second seems to me that of showing that what they think her *Exclusiveness* has no connection either with lack of charity or with a mind which does not fully appreciate and a temper which does not rejoice in whatever is good though outside the Church in individuals who belong to its 'Soul,' or in bodies which do its work even when intending to do it a mischief. But I have run on, forgetting

how much of your valuable time I have been running away with. Give us all the remaining volumes of 'The Formation of Christendom,' and the world will one day discover what a present was bequeathed to it by one who had little hope of immediate reward.—Ever yours,

"AUBREY DE VERE."

To this my father replied *more suo* :—

"22 PORTMAN STREET,
"*Fest. Purif.*, 1867.

"MY DEAR DE VERE,—I have read your note repeatedly, but the first impression always remains on my mind that we are at issue on *one* point of considerable importance.

"You write: 'The better the community is, the better its several members must be; for the community is good simply in proportion as it retains the Faith and trains its children to keep the commandments. To wish the utmost spiritual good to each individual in these separated communities is surely our duty, and what is this but to wish the good of the communities?'

"Now here I first observe that on your own hypothesis no one of these communities is simply good, because no one retains the Faith, and no one trains its children to keep the commandments; the utmost that any do is to keep some part of the Faith, and to teach some of the commandments, as, *e.g.*, the Anglican Church teaches the commandments of the two tables, but disjoins from them the evangelical counsels, and absolutely denies these; teaches the unity of the Godhead, but so little teaches the unity of the Church, that she has eradicated the idea from the people.

"And this has great bearing on my next point. 'To wish the utmost spiritual good to each individual in these separated communities is surely our duty.' To wish this to each individual soul as such, *concedo*; to wish it to each through membership of their several communities, *nego*. What is the utmost spiritual good here? To be brought out of these erring communities into the only true one which teaches no error, and trains to obey all the commandments. Thus to wish the utmost spiritual good to each individual in these separated communities is not coincident with wishing the good of the communities.

"What we ought to wish, we ought to pray for. Now how does the Church express this prayer? She makes the very distinction which I am urging. She prays for the individual in heresy or schism, but never for his community. Thus, on Good Friday: '*Oremus et pro hæreticis et schismaticis; ut Deus et Dominus noster eruat nos ab erroribus universis; et ad sanctam Matrem Ecclesiam Catholicam atque Apostolicam revocare dignetur,*' and then, '*Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui salvas omnes et neminem vis perire, respice ad animas diabolica fraude deceptas, ut omni hæretica pravitate deposita, errantium corda resipiscant, et ad veritatis tuæ redeant unitatem.*'

"Thus while you speak of a Catholic joining a Protestant in the wish 'that the proper duties' of a heretical establishment, 'which are those to its own members, should be discharged with the largest spiritual results,' the Church ignores altogether the position of individuals as members of communities set up against herself, and solicits their return as individual souls to the 'unity of the truth.'

"This appears to me to touch the whole core of the matter. Your language in this instance seems to treat heresies and schisms as *belligerents*; the Church treat them as *rebels*, and says to their adherents simply, Come out and be saved.

"When you speak of a heresy having 'duties' to its members, and producing 'spiritual results' (p. 25), you treat it manifestly as a lawful government, whereas from beginning to end it is simply usurpation, as you say in your note elsewhere.

"Thus, again, in your note, corroborating your pamphlet, you say: 'I think, then, not only that we may, but that an enlightened Catholic is *bound* to wish that every separated body should perform to the utmost that its providential position admits its duty to its members, and that this is one of the chief providential means by which the largest number of those members may be either brought out of error, or saved through invincible ignorance.'

"Now you take here a step beyond the former one of making heresies belligerents instead of rebels, and regular governments instead of usurpations; for I conclude that you mean by this emphatic use of the word *providential* something more than what God allows. You mean, perhaps, to assign to heresies something like the οἰκονομία which some Greek Fathers assigned to Greek philosophy, as a preparation to the Hellenic race, for the Gospel, and as being a sort of λόγος σπερματικός. My view would be somewhat different. In everything which concerns the Church, *Mater electi generis*, I should see a special providence, and as denials of her faith specially concern her, I should see in every heresy a providence *as respects the Church*. Thus the provi-

dential position of each heresy, as one after another rises and incarnates itself in a society, is to stir up the Church to bring out and define more clearly the truth impugned. The providential position of schism is to draw closer the bonds of unity in the Church. In accordance with this view I wish to all heretical bodies throughout the world a self-wrought dissolution through the internal operation of the error on which they are founded; as, *e.g.*, I wish that the Anglican Church may perish and fall to pieces through the operation of the Royal Supremacy, and, more generally, that Protestantism may break and divide itself into numberless sects, through the working of its generative principle, Private Judgment.

"As for any one of these rebellions, after they have once formally constituted themselves, being brought back to the unity of the Kingdom *en masse*, I think history affords us no example of it, and reason as little would lead us to expect it. But never, so far as I know, has the Church allowed that any heresy was in possession of lawful authority; now the correlative 'of duty' is authority. Even in cases where the Church allows that bodies separated from her are in possession of her own divine *dotes*, as Bride, the Sacraments, she denies that they have authority to administer them. How then could she admit that by the exercise of their functions as governments (I mean spiritual governments), 'large spiritual results' should by any possibility follow? She addresses all in these separated bodies as individuals, '*animas diabolica fraude deceptas*:' of their being saved by invincible ignorance in the bodies in which they are, she never speaks, because, if saved at all, it would

be by grace working in them *in spite* of those bodies, but her own expressed desire is that they should leave those bodies and return '*ad sanctam Matrem*.' But how could the one kingdom ever admit that rebellions parted from her would, as such, be any better because they retained a portion of her laws, or imitated her mode of government? Suppose a commander of great ability detached from a great sovereign, ruling by divine right in very truth, a province of his empire, and governed it with wisdom and energy on the exact principles which he had learnt from his sovereign, would the rebels, his victims, be therefore more likely to return to their lawful sovereign's jurisdiction? Should his subjects see with pleasure their own kingdom's wisdom turned against them? Now this is the aspect in which your original position in p. 24, on which I commented, appears to me. It is indeed an unquestionable truth, in the natural order, that 'the better a community is, the better its several members must be': but is not this principle here controlled by a principle of a superior order, and subordinated to the great supernatural institution of the universe, the creation of the Church? The guilt of heresy and schism is so great that no 'goodness' arising from a part possession of the sacred inheritance can be reckoned against it, as likewise no authority can derive from rebellion.

"Nor does this view involve any harshness towards individuals. You express exactly my own experience of sixteen years when you say, 'Every day I think worse of Protestantism as a system, but better of Protestants taken individually.' There may then be much of supernatural virtue among them; but then it will be

because 'the iron filings are attracted by the magnet,' not because their system has any power of the magnet in it. If the Anglican Church be the devil's masterpiece, does divine virtue pass through his hands, or in spite of him?

"I have necessarily written here in opposition to *one* point, but I agree with so very much of your letter that you must not think me mainly a contradictor.

"Is it a fact attested by such an experience as will be a ground for a safe induction that conversions take place from separated bodies in proportion to the nearness of the doctrines held by those bodies to the Church? The Puseyite movement is a very singular one. Which would be easiest or hardest to convert—a community of Kebles or of Martineaus? Which is most favourable for conversions now, England, or North Germany, or the United States? Are not the five millions of Catholics in the States more likely to absorb a very large proportion of the Protestant sects than our six or seven millions of Catholics a large proportion of Keble's community by the year 1900? If I may judge by my own experience, nobody dies harder, or is more reluctant to be new-born, than an ex-Anglican. It cost me five years of study, prayer, and anxiety enough to drive one mad. Yet when I started I was just where your supposed 'devout Tractarian' stood. And yesterday I was talking with a gentleman brought up a dissenter, who was kicking about the world, as he said, without any religion, and was converted in three days. Every conversion is a mystery by itself; as Faber said, God's dealings with any individual soul, if revealed, would form a Bible in itself. How many

converts are there from the Russian and Greek Churches? None are so near to us. They have even the same type of sanctity as we, which no Protestant community possesses, yet how many come to us?"

This is a sample of my father's intercourse with his friend. The letter might have been written to a Count Boniface by an Augustine.

A few years later he lost the friend who had watched over his conversion. The Abbé Pierre Labbé died in May 1871, just before the horrors of the Commune, which made Mgr. Darboy and his companions martyrs. No one, I think, ever showed my father more kindness, nor was more gratefully remembered by him.

In his Diary he sounds the key-note of these thirty years: "The thought occurs to me—Why, during the thirty years I have been a Catholic, I have been so deprived of the sense of divine support as to *temporal* matters. This will require some study to draw out. . . . The becoming a Catholic, when considered in all its consequences, was in truth a crushing of the whole man. Everything which I valued in the outward life, independence of position, a positive work, hope of distinction, veiled with the pretext of doing good—all the glory of the world, went at once, irrecoverably. I have ever felt since that I was 'an abject,' nor can I think of any other word which so exactly conveys the world of feeling in which I have lived during the past thirty years; it was only tempered with the thought that, if I was an abject, it was 'in the house of my God.' How totally different, for instance, would have been my feeling if an intellectual work had been assigned to me by authority when I became a Catholic. I do not think the remark which

I made in my Journal when, in 1845, the prospect of becoming a Catholic dawned upon me, that it would be to me like the sacrifice of Abraham, was at all overstrained—such it appeared; such it has been in all the thirty years, from 1850 to 1880; and it is hardly less so now than it was in 1850. The sting of the sacrifice undoubtedly lay in this —that those to whom I came seemed not to care for me. . . . Wherever I turn, it has been the same. I walk, as it were, severed and alone. This is to be an abject. I clearly recognise it as *θεῖον τί*. . . .

"In all matters of temporal support during these thirty years I can only liken myself to that Habacuc who had boiled porridge and had broken bread in a bowl, and was going into the field to carry it to the reapers. And the Angel of the Lord said to Habacuc, Carry the dinner which thou hast into Babylon to Daniel, who is in the lions' den. And Habacuc said, Lord, I never saw Babylon, nor do I know the den. And the Angel of the Lord took him by the top of his head and carried him by the hair of his head, and set him in Babylon, over the den, in the force of his spirit. Thus, the Angel of God has held me for thirty years. Is it any wonder that all my body has been in tension, and my fear of falling into the abyss below constant? But I recognise the Divine action."

The image of Habacuc would hardly have been used had my father not been a family man. He was taken by the hair of his head, because anxiety as to ways and means for those depending on him entered into his soul. It would have been far otherwise had he come into the Church a free man without ties; but then, as I have said elsewhere, he found out early in his day that it

was not good for man to be alone. Of my three brothers, Basil became a priest in 1868, whilst Edward and Cyril went to seek their fortunes by sheep-farming in Queensland. They started in 1863, and, after a series of bad seasons and loss of capital, were compelled to return home and begin life afresh. My father pursued his work through the years of changes, and then after my sister's marriage, in 1883, I alone was left at home to feed on the marrow of his mind.

In a London street, the poetry of life comes to be the pursuit of the mind's ideal—that something unflinching and independent of surroundings which is expressed in the Carthusian motto: *stat crux dum volvitur orbis*. The iron purpose is revealed, even without the frequent passages of his Journal which speak of it. Thus, he writes on February 12, 1885: "I am seventy-two to-day. I think the one thought of the past year has been *age*, and the probability of death at any time. My occupation since my last birthday has been—whenever my Committee work would let me—the 'Throne of the Fisherman.' But it has all been, as it were, underground work—laying the foundations of a house. The more I studied that period of 150 years, from A.D. 325 to A.D. 476, the more it seemed to grow upon me. . . . I do not get sympathy enough to satisfy what is artistic in me; and I am always tempted to feel how fruitless my life has been as a Catholic. That also is a form of sacrifice, but it deadens instead of quickening." Again, on March 8, 1890—"This is a great anniversary to me. On March 10, 1860, I wrote to my wife from the Minerva, at Rome: 'I have accomplished the main object of my journey, having had an audience of the Pope on Thursday.

He recalled my visit to Gaeta, and asked me whether I had been at Rome since. I told him that I had not been able. "But you have been well employed at home; you have defended St. Peter, so I must give you St. Peter," upon which he gave me an intaglio of St. Peter in red cornelian.' . . . Thirty years have now passed since that day, and the work for which I asked the blessing of Pius IX. has occupied me ever since. It has set before me a definite task to which I have devoted every thought—I might almost say every hour. It has reached fifty-four chapters, and I hope, in a short time, to complete it as far as the crowning of Charlemagne: seven volumes. Without this task I should certainly have expired from ennui, at the loss of my ἐργον in life, and the feeling that I was cast out of the sea of heresy as a piece of seaweed on the coast of the Church, whom no one cared for or valued. And it remains to me as the sole personal *raison d'être.* I mean that after the work of saving the soul, it is my work in life to defend the See of Peter; and without this I should be utterly discouraged and purposeless as to my external task."

The publication of "A Life's Decision" in 1880 marked an era in his personal history. The MS. had lain for twenty-five years in a drawer, and would never have seen the light had it not been for my brother Basil. It has met with what the French call a *succès d'estime*, and never with the circulation it deserved. There was an incident connected with the appearance of this book which was well in keeping with the motto on the title page: "I have chosen to be an abject." I allude to a faint-hearted friend who took much savour out of my father's "*Apologia*," and wrung

from him these words which he confided to his Diary: "I felt dazed, as if I was a leper, whose touch would contaminate . . . and I began to repeat, 'Let nothing disturb thee,' &c., to recover courage and think of *τὴν ανω πολιν*."

Against the faint-hearted friend, I would set this comforting line from Cardinal Newman: "Your 'Life's Decision' is a document, and not to be measured by a market price." [1]

My father put very much of himself into this book, not forgetting to record occasionally what others said of him. St. Augustine's advice, "Hate the error, love the man," was not always before him in speaking of Bishop Wilberforce, nor do I think that he ever arrived at dissociating the crime from the criminal. With him it was too prone to be "hate the error *and* the man."

My mother's part in "A Life's Decision" is expressed in the words of the Dedication: "To my sole partner in these trials." Bishop Gillis had drawn a striking portrait of her in 1862 from a scrap of her handwriting. He said:—

"However humble in daily intercourse with those around her, her inward spirit of independence, I could fancy, saying of itself, '*Incedo Regina*,' I live and move a queen! Good-natured and kind. Caring much more for the reality of things than for their outward appearance or expression. Heedless of the '*qu'en dira-t-on*,' and can without effort despise and defy criticism, when she deems it unjust. Would more willingly deal with generalised views of a subject than care to analyse its details. Impulsive and apt to rap out what she thinks or feels without much consideration of those in whose presence she speaks. Though with a great natural fund of good nature,

[1] Letter of November 26, 1881.

can give a sharp and even harsh reply. Naturally self-willed. Great facility in thought and readiness in words. Naturally active to restlessness. Hastiness in her outward doings. More impressed in music with harmony than with melody, caring more for a grand chorus than an elaborate solo. Free and easy in manner. Sensitiveness great and easily acted upon. Knows how to value eulogy. A good listener when praised; otherwise prefers the more active part of speaker."

Bishop Gillis was correct in his general outlines, only that character became mellowed by grace, and fortitude in all life's trials was grafted upon the natural independence. Twenty years or more later, a woman of humble class, who met my mother for the first time, described her by saying that she was "a real *h*aristocrat." This was the plebeian rendering of the Bishop's classical "*Incedo Regina*."

The two large volumes in octavo, under the title of *Per Crucem ad Lucem*, appeared shortly before "A Life's Decision," and contain all my father's strictly controversial writings. To him the Primacy *versus* the Royal Supremacy was the kernel of the whole question, which is one of authority. When asked to name a single book as the best exponent of Catholic doctrine, Cardinal Newman replied: ". . . If I must name one" (book) "which is most likely to meet your requirement, it would be Mr. Allies' *Per Crucem ad Lucem*, an argument in two volumes going into details."

Time will surely prove that my father was right. It is not belief in any one particular dogma which makes the Catholic, but a heart-whole acceptance of the Church as the divinely appointed teacher of eternal truth. When, then,

my father seemed to be writing a *pièce de circonstance* in answering Dr. Pusey, he was in reality contributing a valuable treatise on the Ancient Church, and explaining to Anglicans how the possession of true Sacraments did not make the Donatists Catholics. The Fathers themselves are distinguished for *pièces de circonstance*, that is to say, some of their finest writings are nothing else. St. Athanasius wrote his masterpieces, *De Incarnatione* and *Contra Gentes*, against the Arians, St. John Damascene his famous treatise on Holy Images against the Iconoclasts, whilst St. Augustine saw the Church on every inspired page in order to demolish the "branch" theory of the Donatists. Heresy repeats itself, and it is not necessarily the last word written against it which is the most telling. No special pleading can alter the fact that the power of the Pope's Supremacy was transferred to the Crown of England by Act of Parliament in 1534. The seven treatises contained in *Per Crucem ad Lucem* are obsolete only in so far as the name of Queen Victoria is mentioned. The Royal Supremacy, whether represented by Queen Victoria or King Edward, is to the Anglican Church what the *Tu est Petrus* is to us.

There would seem to be a perpetual war between nature and grace in the case of a writer: grace tells him to love obscurity, whilst nature urges him to make the best of himself. Thus my father could "note with sadness" that he had done little to overthrow the Protestant tradition of the Papacy, whilst his very effort forced him to lead a life of great mental strain and retirement, a life which kept his old fear of intellectual excellence prominently before him. How can one and the same man kill nature

and make the most of it? I have not solved the question, but I am convinced that human ambition may be made the handmaid of grace to produce great things for the glory of God. My father's Diary gives abundant evidence of this process. Thus he writes on October 2, 1880, just about the time of "A Life's Decision": "Strongly impressed in the night with the false estimate of one's own standing in God's sight, which yearning after intellectual distinction produces. How can I get myself entirely to realise that mental power is of itself no guarantee whatever of Divine acceptance, as little as bodily beauty or material wealth. It seems to me that even now I have not overthrown completely this idolatry in my heart, which quite engrossed me up to the age of twenty-four, and was the root, I think, of every error and sin. . . ."

Again, in his notes of a retreat made at St. Beuno's in August 1881: "I talked with Fr. Tepe on the high pitch of the third degree of humility, which seems only fitted for the religious life, *e.g.* in poverty; his answer amounted to this, that it must be applied to each state according to the capacity of that state. Thus a father and husband must desire poverty, suffering, and insult, *in themselves*, as more like to the condition of Christ on earth. . . . What a priceless blessing unfaltering filial confidence in God would be. I hope the fruit of this retreat may be to obtain this gift. It has brought before me vividly the whole texture of my life since I have been a Catholic, as a whole. It has one character, in which I certainly recognise the typical character of the present which Pius IX. gave me at Gaeta in 1849.[1] But while I have re-

[1] A very beautiful "Ecce Homo" set in brilliants.

sponded to the call, it has been too often with half a heart, and with periods of despondency."

Twice in his life my father was vouchsafed a foretaste of his reward, a glimpse of Our Lord on Thabor, without His thorns. The first occurred on October 20, 1885, when he writes: "I received a summons to attend Cardinal Manning at 10, and had a very complete surprise, for he told me that the Holy Father had made me a Commendatore of St. Gregory: that he had laid before the Holy Father my various works, with the statement that in all the period since the movement I had never swerved from the right side even for a moment, although I had been thrown with those who might have led me to do so, and that this had been a great comfort to him. . . . Now I am past seventy-two years of age, and this mark of honour has been given to me through the exertions of a private friend, Bishop Patterson. I had long ago come to the conclusion that, so far as worldly profit or honour was concerned, no more thankless work than doing what I have been doing for more than a quarter of a century could be followed; but the intellectual work itself has been inspiriting; the internal good reaches the promise of receiving a hundredfold. I am profoundly thankful that this mark of the Holy Father will indirectly approve the execution of the design which his Predecessor blessed more than twenty-five years ago. I am naturally so φιλοτιμος that I recognise without difficulty this long delay of any approval by the authority which I most venerate, and for which I have most worked, as a fitting divine παιδευσις. What I value is specifically the approval of Peter, who sits and reigns in his own See."

The Brief was received on November 13, and acknowledged by my father directly to Pope Leo. The letter ends in these words: "Se l'Apostolo San Pietro fosse sulla terra, una lode di Lui sarebbe per me cosa di più stima che tutti i beni terreni. E la stessa cosa la voce di Lui che siede sul trono di San Pietro, a cui i Padri del gran Concilio Chalcedonense dissero già più di quattordici secoli fa, *Petrus per Leonem loquitur*."

I may say in passing that no one ever gave him his title of "Sir Thomas" except the late Dr. Lee, who had himself, so it is said, received true Orders as an Anglican.

He who found all his work and delight in intellectual things was a very sure and severe critic. Early, too early in my day, I produced novels, which thanks to him have remained unpublished. In one of these productions I drew the portraits of my relations. It is of another story that the following criticism was written to me at Hyères, where I was spending the winter:—

"*March* 11, 1879.

"DEAREST MOLKIN,—I was unwilling to read your tale until I could give my mind entirely to it in the freshness of the morning, and I have thus conscientiously bestowed two days upon it, Sunday and yesterday. And I determined to read it just as I should a stranger's work, putting myself in the position which Hope Scott said he should choose in the case of an investment, to have a lawyer who was not a friend. From such premisses these are my conclusions. I read the first thirty pages with satisfaction. I think from them you have the power to draw out character by means of dialogue. The re-

maining part of the tale I did not read with as much satisfaction. I found it written on a different and smaller *scale*. Thus the marriage of Charles, the death of his father, the offer of Sir Wilfrid, all take place in so short a narration that they hardly affect the reader at all. In order to *tell* they should have been artistically drawn out. There is scarcely any plot. The going to Würzburg has no coherence with the rest of the piece. The characters of Clare and Sir Wilfrid and the Jesuit cousin should have been drawn out at far greater length in their action upon each other. The conclusion to which I have come is that you can, if you choose to bestow the required pains upon it, compose a good story; whether it is worth your while to become one of the ten thousand who write stories is another thing. But if you do so, pray let it not be for filthy lucre. With regard to quotations from foreign languages, I have a rigid rule. Don't put in German such trivialities as *lieber, lieber Herr*. Is not railway hotel quite as good as Eisen-bahn Gasthof? Besides, do you expect any unfortunate reader to decipher your German writing? Fifty years ago at least I made a rule for myself which I have kept, so far as I can remember, without exception; it was never to do anything which I did not strive to do *as well as I could*. Now I recommend that rule strongly to you after a long trial. I think your tale has been written at different times; not thrown off as a complete conception. It is true that some of the greatest masters of novel writing have shown much disregard of the *plot* or *story: e.g.* Walter Scott and Thackeray. But these writers felt their force to lie in the subtle delineation of character. It is always a fault to

disregard the *plot;* but no doubt that fault is overlooked where the writer has the power to make each scene a picture of itself. But I think, if you examine your story in this case, you will find hardly anything which can be so called. There is no movement of events out of each other acting reciprocally to some end. A young lady of secret intellectual ambitions has a fancy to despise worldly love, tries her hand as a nurse, and collapses into her lover's arms. Her cousin, whom she greatly admires, and would fain imitate, becomes a Jesuit, and we leave him in the Noviciate, full of fervour and good advice. A rich young baronet is converted, and forthwith falls in love with the would-be sister of mercy; and the plot ends, like Luther's, in marriage. You can do much better than this, if you wish it, but you must first feed your brains with wholesome mutton."

At another time he could convey sound advice in pure Latinity, even on a post-card. In this one there was also a suspicion of "wholesome mutton."

> "Non cura verborum apices,
> Ne sis in cogitationibus multis,
> Sed cura corpusculum tuum."

I remember on one occasion I received a single Greek word in answer to a very wild proposal: σιωπω. I find an entry in his diary to the effect that "Mary wants the Greek for howling Radical." To this he replied, of course, by sending it to me, the Greek mind "being the exponent of all folly," as well as of all wisdom. Again: "Amused myself with correcting an inscription of a cane once belonging to Pius VII.,

which Canon Chapman is giving to Cardinal Newman :—

> " Claviger ille Pius gessit me Septimus olim
> Nunc Augustini dextera fida Novi.
> Victorem Europæ patiendo vicerat ille ;
> Passum multa Petro te sociavit amor."

His work and his play had the same distinguishing feature : he always gave of his mind. For him there was no charity unless " espoused to knowledge."

CHAPTER VIII

REST IN LABOUR

(1890–1897)

My father's official connection with the Poor School Committee ended in 1890, when he received from that Committee's generosity his full pension of £400 a year. He was "a free man at seventy-seven," and an honoured one. The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before, and the same kind of blessing was my father's. The gnawing anxiety of his early Catholic days was exchanged for peace and plenty. Pope Leo XIII. had created him a Knight Commander of St. Gregory, bestowing upon him a Brief of approval, and, at eighty years of age, he was to receive a further honour from the Holy See, at the generous solicitation of his friend, the late Cardinal Vaughan. Leisure was now to be his, and he chose for himself its abode in No. 3 Lodge Place, St. John's Wood, which, in 1890, was quiet as a country parsonage. The house then looked on gardens, and was removed from traffic. It offered a good room for his library, and very close vicinity to Our Lady's Church, Grove Road, where my little brother, Bernard Joseph, is buried. In former years, No. 3 had been occupied by Lady Doughty, famous to the Tichborne case.

Otium cum dignitate had now arrived for my

father. The *otium* meant, of course, "The Formation of Christendom," which was really finished in 1895, and it meant a wish, into which he put his whole heart. The struggle of mind and heart, of calm reason against impetuous feeling, makes up the probation of life. Mind and heart, when set upon God, constitute the peace of the saints and of the Holy Souls; suffering will not ruffle that waveless sea. Hitherto my father had been a man of books, and he had even written on the "Virginal Life." It is true that he was always held by a beautiful face, or what appeared beautiful to him, and repelled by an ugly one. If, then, he was a "free man at seventy-seven," he was also *qualis ab initio;* having a heart's desire as well as an intellectual one, he pursued it with all his mind.

The overweening desire to bring about the happiness of two people did not contribute to the happiness of the many, nor indeed to his own. He, an Englishman, could not do what a French father or mother does, for the reason that a love marriage is not a "*mariage de convenance*," which expresses "meetness and necessity," after the fashion of a gerundive. The French phrase strikes the difference between the two nations: Englishmen and Englishwomen marry themselves, and are not married. A great mind may fall into an aberration of heart, for the perfect equilibrium of each would be heaven before its time. It was largely owing to this "aberration" of my father's that the abode of peace was so full of conflicting wills. He said, "Peace, peace, and there was no peace." However this wish of my father's be viewed, it is certain that its fulfilment constituted the trial of his last

years, recalling St. Augustine's words: "*Vere autem felix est, non si id habeat quod amat, sed si id amet quod amandum est. Multi enim misere magis habendo quod amant, quam carendo.*"[1]

The choice of Lodge Place had been dictated by the failure of Hampstead. All preliminaries, except the actual signing of the lease, had been concluded for taking No. . . . Church Row, Hampstead, when my father accidentally discovered that the house was haunted. He paid a fine of £80 to be released from it, as the law does not recognise "ghosts." The individual lawyer of wisdom and large experience occasionally admits the truth of the supernatural element so imperfectly expressed by the *English* word "ghosts," and my father's solicitor by no means ridiculed his fears. "We shall soon be ghosts ourselves" was the remark of a wise man.

On August 11, 1890, Cardinal Newman entered into that world of which, in "Gerontius," he writes with inspired pen. The blow could not be called sudden at the Cardinal's age, and with his great infirmities, but the hour of his departure was a solemn one, striking chords of life-long memories. My father writes in his Journal: "August 16, 1890. This week has been occupied by one event: the departure from us of the great and noble spirit whom I have looked up to as a Master; who, fifty years ago, by his writings, drew me out of that wild radicalism which I had brought back with me from my *Wanderjahre* in Italy. I have been thinking again and again of the life which he presented last Monday to the all-seeing Judge whom he has so deeply loved and so faithfully served,

[1] In Ps. xxvi. 2.

and of the reward which he has received for it. Subsidiary to this is the thought that before long I must stand before the same Judge myself."

Again, on the funeral day at Edgbaston: "The Requiem began at 11. . . . I was possessed the whole time with the thought of John Henry Newman and his glorious life as a witness of the truth. And his death enabled me to realise my own, which cannot be far off, in a more striking way than I ever did before. I thought how soon I should lie down, as he now lies, and see what he said long ago, that there are but two beings for every man — God and his own soul. The service was beautifully done; the *Dies Iræ* especially pleased me: the voice which gave the verses solo very clear and distinct. The Bishop of Clifton's sermon in the first part chronological: in the second he made some admirable quotations from J. H. N., one unknown to me, contrasting the heathen with the Christian Anglo-Saxon, and in the latter describing, as the preacher said, his own character: also the verses, 'Weep not for me when I am dead,' &c., and he concluded begging prayers for him, and addressing the angels to receive him. He all but broke down several times, and the sincerity of the sermon was its greatest force."

My father survived Cardinal Newman thirteen years, ever the poorer for the loss of his friend, and the richer for the fragrance of that great memory. To have known Cardinal Newman intimately was, as it were, to have known a Father of the Church, and not the least. In his letters, Cardinal Newman recalls St. Augustine, whose letters are treatises. On one occasion my father was staying at Aldenham with Lord Acton

the historian. Döllinger was of the party, and discussions were rife. They were talking one day of Bossuet and Newman, as to their relative greatness, when my father gave it as his opinion that "twenty Bossuets would not make one Newman." Comparisons are odious, but surely only one man could have produced "Gerontius," and he not even *l'aigle de Meaux*.

In November 1890 he once more found himself at St. John's Wood, close to the Priory, North Bank, and to Our Lady's Church, where he had laid little Bernard Joseph so many years before. At the beginning of his Catholic life he had known the struggle to live: at Lodge Place the nature of the conflict had changed. At seventy-seven he was still a fighting man, because both mind and heart were young, and he had not survived all his enthusiasms.

He won his heart's desire on January 21, 1891, the day of my brother Cyril's marriage to Kathleen Lillie. Mrs. Cyril Allies went to share my brother's island kingdom of Innishbofin, a queen of three short years. From 1894, when "Kathleen" was called suddenly from this world, every year was marked by a death amongst those near and dear to my father. His own increased loneliness never made him forget the happiness of those "who die in the Lord." His mind at all times dwelt much on the thought of the Master's greeting to His loved ones, *Euge, serve bone et fidelis*.

In the spring of 1893 a great joy came to him through his faithful friend, Cardinal Vaughan, as a note of "*joyeux avènement*." This was the gold medal for merit, which is, I believe, the greatest distinction conferred on laymen by the Holy See. My father was called upon to receive

it at Archbishop's House on April 3, 1893, upon the Cardinal's first public reception as Archbishop of Westminster. "There is no doubt that this testimony of approbation received from the living Peter fills up a great gap in my heart," wrote my father in his Journal. He expressed his mind in a very characteristic letter to Pope Leo, of which I kept a copy:—

"BEATISSIME PATER,—Nescio qua lingua reddere Sanctitati Tuæ possim gratum animum quo me affecit laus cum benedictione juncta Cardinalis Vaughan, Archiepiscopi Westmonasteriensis. Verba enim quibus me decoravit, et donum pretiosissimum quod mihi portavit, sunt Sanctitatis Tuæ. Hæc mihi triginta annorum labores, curas, studia, mirifice rependent. Unum solum mihi solatium, hodierni Petri verbum in votis erat. Hoc contigit. Ea ipsa quæ ingenium Germanis et Gallis scriptoribus accuunt, studium et multitudo legentium, infortunio temporum nobis Anglis pœne absunt. Quæ occupant Hibernos agri sunt, non libri. Apud Anglos Catholicos cultorum hominum paucitas impedit ne historiæ etiam principali multi dent mentem. Ecclesiæ autem Anglicanæ asseclæ aures obstruunt ne errores Lutherani et Calvinistæ sanentur. Sanctitatis vero Tuæ Epistola ad Cardinales de Luca, Pitra, Hergenröther, anno 1883, summo me gaudio perfudit, cum perspicerem me illa ipsa proposita per viginti annos diligenter pro viribus secutum esse. Liceat ergo mihi pro summo vitæ premio usque ad extremum habitum Verbum Tuum donumque gremio amplecti.—Sanctitatis Tuæ, Servus et Filius, THOS. W. ALLIES.

"Die 28 Aprilis 1893."

We heard through private sources that this letter had interested the Holy Father and given him pleasure. Newman became a Prince of the Church at seventy-nine, and my father was eighty when he received his gold medal in the evening of his laborious life. I had used the phrase in writing about him to Cardinal Hergenröther, *im Abend eines mühevollen Lebens*.

I have said that the "Formation of Christendom" had a rival in his heart. His great affection for his daughter-in-law prompted him to visit her in her island home of Innishbofin, County Galway. Accompanied by a cousin, who was a medical man, he set out in August 1893. The visit proved all but fatal to him. He was brought home to us with great difficulty at the end of October, and he never again left Lodge Place. In the following February, 1894, my sister-in-law died quite suddenly, and my father, who had so nearly died on his visit to her, survived her through long years. "I think the sorrow of the mind has passed on in its effects to the body," wrote my father in his Journal of a time when the angel might have said to him as to Elias, "Thou hast yet a great way to go." He had to see the young depart before him, and to feel in his inmost soul the cruel blows of death year after year until the end.

A learned pastime of these years was a short poem of 650 lines on "The Birth, Growth, and Suicide of a Heresy," in which my father took great delight. They are sharp, historical, and witty, with the stores of his learning, musings, and experience. It may not be always expedient to state even facts, especially when they present an irresistible sense of humour.

"Erasmus said of Error's first-born son,
'Ends the true faith in carrying off a nun?'
And faithful to his patriarch still we see
Each 'father' with his bridal company.
For all beliefs, or none, they vainly strive;
But this at any rate they do—they wive."

The satire pointed at matrimony, which Reformers strove to divest of its sacramental character, might fail to divert Anglican readers, and so the deep piety of the poem might be lost upon them. Thus he writes of England—

"From end to end the love of Mary bound
Her realm in joyousness and peace profound.
Each shrine throughout her land in sweet accord
Proclaim'd its own the Mother of the Lord.
That isle was Mary's casket, wherein shone
Devotion of all hearts to Mary's Son."

The work on the "Monastic Life" was a restful labour for his afflicted spirit. Aubrey de Vere made a valuable suggestion with regard to the vows of religion. It must be admitted that my father favoured the one vow to the detriment of the remaining two. "The work" ["Monastic Life"], wrote Aubrey de Vere, "would be greatly benefited, I think, if the two other monastic vows, those of Poverty and Obedience, were enlarged upon by you with the same deep philosophy and pervading eloquence as belong to what you have written on the 'Virginal Life.' I have just finished a renewed perusal of it, and went on marking on the margin the passages which especially delighted me till I feared that the marks were becoming so numerous as to lose their discriminative character. It is far the most philosophic treatise I have seen on that subject, and brings vividly before one the

3. LODGE PLACE,

ST JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON. N.W.

May 2. 1895

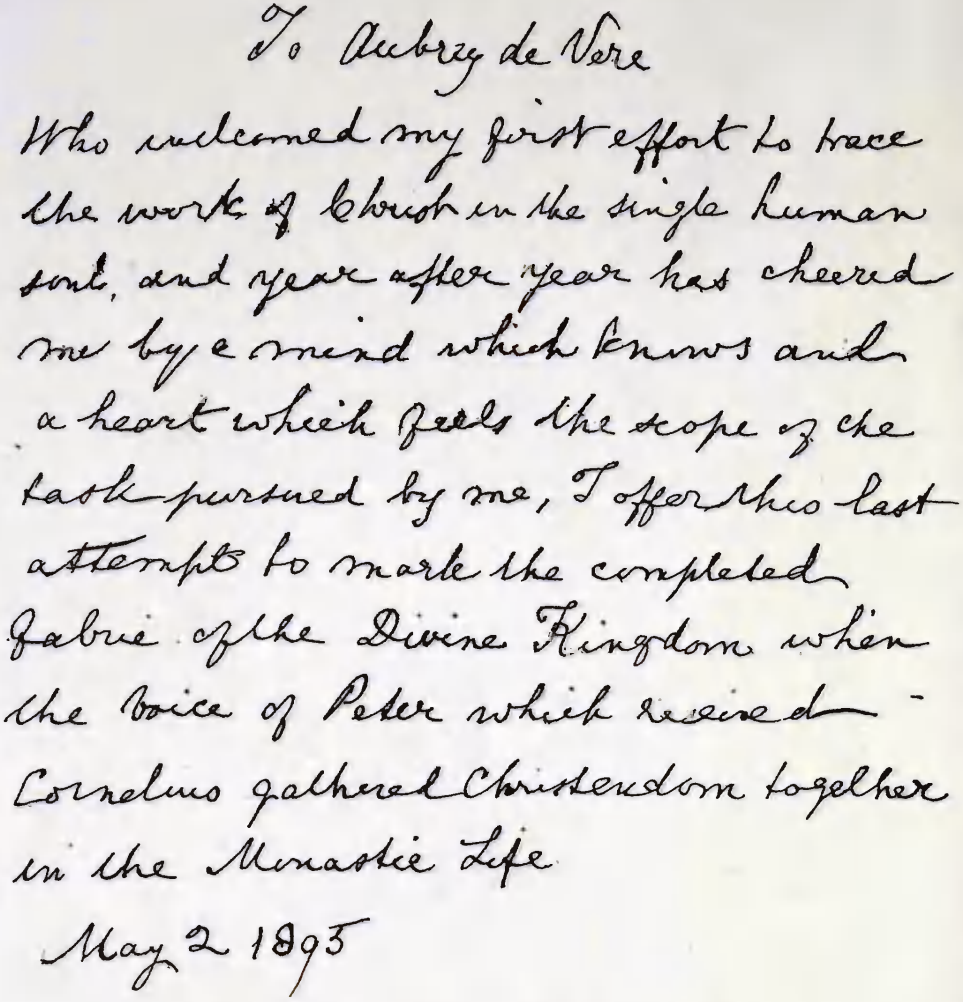
My dear de Vere

I am just finishing a Volume on the Monastic Life from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne. It has nine chapters, and is very nearly the bulk of Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood. Newman accepted the first three, and Leo XIII the last three. Would you listen to an old Man's last wish on the next page?

very truly Yours

T. W. Allies

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER TO AUBREY DE VERE


To Aubrey de Vere
Who welcomed my first effort to trace
the work of Christ in the single human
soul, and year after year has cheered
me by a mind which knows and
a heart which feels the scope of the
task pursued by me, I offer this last
attempt to mark the completed
fabric of the Divine Kingdom when
the voice of Peter which received
Cornelius gathered Christendom together
in the Monastic Life
May 2 1893

FAC-SIMILE OF A DEDICATION TO AUBREY DE VERE

REV. JAMES A. GRANT BEQUEST TO
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE LIBRARY, 1928

grandeur of that position which man was intended to hold in God's creation, and of which he was deprived by the Fall.

"When you come to the vow of 'Poverty,' you will have to deal with one of the saddest of paradoxes, viz. the mode in which Individual Poverty, by the very admiration which it created, became *united with a Corporate* property so vast as to constitute probably the chief danger to the Church, its excessive wealth. If only an effectual Reform could have come in time from within—that is, from several successive Hildebrands as well as from the Franciscan and Dominican Orders—I suppose that the so-called 'Reformation' of the sixteenth century would never have occurred. When you come to the third vow, that of 'Obedience,' it will open out to you the whole region of Catholic 'Mysticism,' and enable you at the same time to record the wonderful external work done in the world and over all the nations of the world by the labours of the great missionaries who had renounced the world."

The work is best described in two characteristic letters of his own to the friend of his spirit. The first is dated from Lodge Place, May 2, 1895:—

"My dear De Vere,—I am just finishing a volume 'On the Monastic Life, from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne.' It has nine chapters, and is very nearly the bulk of 'Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood.' Newman accepted the first three, and Leo XIII. the last three. Would you listen to an old man's last wish on the next page?—Very truly yours,

"T. W. Allies."

"The last wish" refers to the Dedication, which was accepted, and drew from my father the second letter, as follows:—

"16*th May* 1895.

"My dear De Vere,—I cannot well tell you how great is my delight at your hearty acceptance of my Dedication. I felt in sending it that I was indeed doing my little all in trying to show my thankfulness, for there is really no one who has shown me, since the publication of my first volume—which came out just thirty years ago, at the time of Cardinal Wiseman's death—the encouragement which you have done. But that you should accept this little offering of gratitude on my part in such a spirit is quite another thing. It reminds me of the exchange noted in the famous Homeric line — *χρυσεα χαλκειων, ἑκατομβοι' ἐννεαβοιων.*

"Here is the slightest sketch of my nine chapters. The first is an almost complete translation of that famous life of St. Anthony, issued by St. Athanasius in 365, which carried the knowledge of the Monastic life to all the West, was the cause, among innumerable conversions, of St. Augustine's, when he heard the effect of it upon two young courtiers, and their *promesse spose.*

"The second gives monastic life in the fourth century, from the words of St. Basil, his friend, St. Gregory; St. Chrysostom, in his parallel between the monk and the king; St. Ambrose, quoting the words of Pope Liberius to his sister, in giving her the veil at St. Peter's in A.D. 362, and calling her the Bride of Christ; most of all in St. Jerome and St. Augustine, and his example in making his house a monastery.

"The third giving the spread of the cœnobitic

institute, and its effect on the Church, followed by the contrast during 200 years, from A.D. 323, between the dissolution of the Empire and the consolidation of the Church, to the death of Theodoric in 526.

"The fourth brings in the blessing of St. Benedict, and the marvellous conversion of the Gallic monasteries proceeding from him and St. Columban, and the action of St. Gregory in approving his rule.

"The fifth gives the two conversions of St. Patrick and St. Augustine, and here I owe to your 'Legend of St. Patrick' and other writings very much indeed. I have had nothing more at heart than to speak of the three great centuries of the Irish missioners.

"The sixth is entitled 'The Monks make England.'

"The seventh, 'Three Nuns of Odin's Race, Hilda, Elfleda, and Ethelreda.'

"These two chapters rest throughout upon Bede.

"The eighth is St. Boniface and Germany, the Legate of the four Popes, St. Gregory II. (whom Baronius equals to Gregory the Great), St. Gregory III., St. Zacharias, and St. Stephen II. Winifred-Boniface is indeed the chiefest glory of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"The ninth is 'The Holy See from Attila to Charlemagne,' to show that it is *one time* from Leo I. *turning back* Attila, to Leo III. *placing* Charlemagne. How the Popes for 350 years suffered the greatest convulsion which human things have undergone, and reduced to be Primates in a captive-garrisoned city under distant despots working through an Exarchal Vice-royalty, fought four times over the battle of

the Church, conquered the Acacian schism, the Arian predominance, the Monothellite contest for fifty years, the Iconoclastic contest for another fifty, and the 'Saracen life,' which they resisted through the 'monastic life,' to which we owe that Christendom prevailed.

"And so we got Christian monarchy instead of Haroun Al Raschid, and the home of Nazareth instead of the harem.

"Are you coming to London this spring?—Yours very gratefully, T. W. ALLIES.

"You have *post* dated me by two years. I was eighty-two last February."

"The Monastic Life" was finished and published in 1895. It is the eighth and last volume of "The Formation of Christendom."

As long as that great work was not completed I felt a sort of security in my father's life. I thought God would leave him long enough to finish his defence of the Holy See. At this time, 1895–96, he did not himself consider that his life's work was finished, nor was it, only it was no longer "The Formation of Christendom." We were both mistaken. Looking back, I can see the process of detachment; how it began in the repeated blows of death, and how it ended in a yet sharper isolation, after his writing and reading days were over, and he had to bear the burden of great infirmities and loneliness of spirit.

In the autumn of 1895, his pleasant musings over St. Benedict's peace were disturbed by keen anxiety about his loved grandchild Mafra Broder.[1] She had been the brightness of her

[1] The combined names of Mary Frances.

home and its delight since her babyhood, when she used to speak of her "ni' gran' papa," and tell her friends his name was "Tommy Ayies." Mafra had the theological instinct of the true Catholic child, an intense love of Our Lord, to whom she gave all the worship of her heart, whilst she looked upon Our Lady and the saints as her relations. She did not say long prayers, but she realised Our Lord's presence on the altar, and would offer her little pains for the holy souls. Death did not enter Lodge Place with creeping, faltering step, but, as it were, by a thundering knock at the door. Such a knock came when news of Mafra's sudden sickness reached us in November. I was summoned to St. Leonards by telegram on November 7, and found her already in the coma produced by meningitis, and so beyond human hope. "We should like to keep, if it please God, one whose life of eleven years has been a continual light to our eyes," wrote her grandfather on that day. The joyous, sweet child closed her eyes to earthly things at the beginning of her illness. My poor sister, who had come back from Bruges about November 1, found her darling speechless, and unable even to say her name. Every day she sank into deeper unconsciousness until the end on November 14. There were no last words, nor indeed was there any word at all. We watched her in heartrending silence. I can recall even now the deep peace of her home-going, full as it was of intense agony. Her grandfather, who could not have borne the journey to St. Leonards nor the sight of her funeral, followed her in spirit on her long journey, and listened to the greeting vouchsafed to his little pet lamb. Her grave is at Ore Ceme-

tery, Hastings, and the inscription, touching in its simplicity, was written by her grandfather.

It speaks of her as "eleven years old in earthly life: as daughter, niece, and grandchild equally dear: dearest as crowned with eternal life."

Just a year after Mafra's early home-going, death came again to snatch from us the youngest of the family, my father's dearly-loved grandchild, Winifred Mary Allies. My brother's two motherless little girls were on a visit to us. Monica and Winnie arrived in September 1896, and there was no suspicion of illness till November 14, the anniversary of Mafra's death, when Winnie fell suddenly sick. Acute gastritis declared itself, producing terrible pain and sickness. Winnie was to reach her crown through the merits of Our Lord alone, and this possibly is the explanation of her suffering without alleviation, and her long wrestling with death. Her agony lasted for twelve hours without a moment of unconsciousness. She suffered up to the very end, and almost her last words were, "I want mama." From a child not yet four, who had lost her mother at one year old, they were remarkable. Winnie died on November 29, 1896, a sweet child, of whom we could say in absolute certainty: "*Cœlicolis addita*."

ST. MARY'S
COLLEGE
OAKLAND, CAL.

CHAPTER IX

IN MEDIO UMBRÆ MORTIS

(1897–1903)

My father was eighty-four on February 12, 1897. He entered on a sorrowful year, which brought for him the descent into the valley of the shadow, when earth recedes and heaven seems still far off and dim. He had already seen Kathleen, Mafra, and Winifred depart before him, but 1897 was marked by a bitterer loss, and was the beginning of that long and intimate detachment, which ended only in his own death. Suffering is doing and greater than doing. Our Lord worked more wonders for us in the ignominy of His Passion than during His active ministry, and so is it with His faithful servants in all ages. My father's activity as a writer was nearly over, and he had lost the power of influencing others by his presence, because he was becoming too infirm to leave home. He exercised, unknown to himself, the influence of the solitaries who left the world to better it in bettering themselves.

Up to the end of April 1897, he was able to hear Mass. On the 28th, he heard it for the last time. Six years without Mass were surely a forecast of purgatory. On April 29 he had what the doctor called a threatening of a stroke, and lost for a time the use of his right hand, together with the power of movement.

My brother Basil had come over from Innishbofin to pay us a long visit, and the support of his presence was much needed; yet, for reasons clear to us afterwards, he brought no sunshine. He seemed weighed down by an extreme depression of spirits out of proportion with the physical strength he displayed in taking long walks. He did not know how to meet the trial of seeing his father confined powerless to bed and often unable to talk. He was kind without being resourceful, and as soon as the doctor spoke hopefully of my father, returned to the island home which so fascinated him, but only, as it appeared, to die. When the old man of eighty-four became convalescent, the younger one succumbed to a sudden seizure. I went to Boulogne for a few days in July, and scarcely heard of illness. A telegram of three words, cruel in their brevity, apprised me of Basil's death on the 17th, and I hurried home, fearful for my father, who, outwardly calm, never recovered from this terrible blow. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and I have always supposed that my brother's approaching end was the shadow apparent in his intercourse with us. I say *apparent*, but it was less so to my father than to any one in the house, and Basil's memory remained to him most precious to the end. He speaks in his Diary of his "seventy subjects of thanksgiving after Mass." After the gift of the faith itself, he thanked God for nothing so much as for Basil. With his restored right hand he continued his Diary, and in it at a later date he writes these touching pages to Basil's memory: "Feb. 12, 1900. —A day much to be remembered, for I am eighty-seven. All the reasons for thankfulness

in the years, especially since Father Newman received me into the Church in 1850, press themselves upon me. My whole life in these now fifty years is as one perpetual song, *Misericordias Domini in æternum cantabo*. Next to the gift of the Faith itself, which is the greatest of wonders to me to think upon, comes the gift of a son, my ever dear Henry Basil, endowed with a vocation to the priestly life, and the carrying out that vocation through twenty-nine years, from 1868 to 1897, and his holy death helping his brother Cyril under a great bereavement at Bofin, and the ten thousand mercies which sprang out of that vocation to us, his parents. The thought of these mercies overpowers me altogether. Again, the thought that I have witnessed the two great pontificates of Pius the Ninth and Leo XIII. spreading over fifty-three years, and that I have seen the meeting of a General Council summoned from the ends of the earth, and the seal of the perpetual Peter impressed upon it; that both these Peters have blessed me. I am continually dwelling on the blessings contained in these thoughts."

There is joy in remembrance, and it is an abiding joy as long as the power of memory remains. The autumn of 1897 brought with it the loss of the cousin who had accompanied my father to Bofin in 1893, and the sudden death of another cousin who had been his co-executor for years in the administration of a trust.

On November 26, 1897, he writes—"This morning, heard from Eva (Sheppard) of Henry Sheppard's death yesterday morning at 1.40. It was so sudden that it amounted to *consternation* on my mind. . . . How strangely I have been kept at nearly eighty-five, while Basil at fifty-

three and Henry Sheppard at fifty-one have both been taken away. What to do to replace each of them in their special function I have not been able yet to see."

The year 1898 was marked by the loss of intimate friends who were as near and dear as blood relations. In March, it was Fr. Eyre who passed away, leaving in my father's life a memory of great sympathy and kindness. He should have had an angel Raphael for the journey's end, for the angelic greeting *Gaudium sit tibi semper* was what he seemed to need. In the days of his comparative strength he used to say to me, "How the angels must wonder that we can love any one but God," and now each who went, however apparently necessary, showed him that the angels' love alone is strong as death.

Two years after Basil's death my father was once more so infirm in body that his very hours seemed numbered. He was confined to his bed when again death visited us with appalling suddenness. My eldest brother Edward had been for months stretched on a sick bed at our house, and brought through a severe illness by the most skilful treatment and good nursing. He had left us, when sufficiently recovered, to return to his former quarters at Bayswater. There, on the evening of Friday, June 2, he was seized with sudden illness. At one o'clock on Sunday he was carried into our house, and as it proved, only in time to die. He passed away in a syncope soon after four o'clock, and Father Delaney, who happened to be in the house on my father's account, was hastily summoned to be present at Edward's death. The violence of the sickness prevented the adminis-

tration of the Holy Viaticum. He was anointed on the morning of his death at Bayswater, and this was his sole warning of the approaching end. Within a few moments of the last, he spoke to me quite naturally. It was on June 4, 1899, that Edward died. He had a sudden call to leave all; my father's was to be left. Which is the harder?

After giving us great anxiety during the summer of 1899, he again revived, but his Diary shows signs of failure. I shall give here almost the last entry, which is an admirable summary of his whole life. He writes in a hand, trembling, yet still legible: "The *moral* conversion was complete when I came to Launton in February 1842. The *intellectual* conversion must be added to the *moral*, and it dates from November 1845, when the study of Newman's 'Development' is become the all-embracing struggle of five years, which ended in my becoming a Catholic in September 1850. It was the complete overthrow of my life viewed as to its *temporal* condition. As to its *spiritual* condition, this is a *triple* conversion which is due from beginning to end to the most unmerited grace of God, and when I look back upon it, and ponder on its undeservedness, I am struck with astonishment at God's munificence. Great injury would be done unto this munificence of God if the conversion were considered less than *triple—moral*, *intellectual*, and *religious*. It pursued a certain continuous and logical course. If I were taken at twenty-four years of age, in February 1837, nothing could be conceived as more improbable. *At one and the same time* it became *moral* and *intellectual* and *religious*. Nothing could be more irreligious than my state, May 17, 1837. That

triple conversion was completed when, on September 11, 1850, I frankly gave up all my chance of success in life by becoming a Roman Catholic.

"On a great occasion—*dixit Petrus ad Jesum: ecce nos reliquimus omnia et secuti sumus Te: quid ergo erit nobis? Jesus autem dixit illis: Amen dico vobis, omnis qui reliquerit domum vel fratres, aut sorores, aut patrem, aut matrem, aut uxorem, aut filios, aut agros, propter nomen meum, centuplum accipiet et vitam æternam possidebit.* On September 11, 1850, I was thirty-seven years of age: on February 14, 1900, when I am writing this, I am two days past eighty-seven. I note these great blessings which have come to me. First, the gift of the true faith itself: an audience of Pio Nono himself, in his exile at Gaeta; words of blessing spoken to me; a gift of Our Lord Himself, in a cameo, made to me. . . . I therefore note the verification of Our Lord's promise, '*Centuplum accipiet*,' in one thing most marked from that time to this present time, the gift of inward peace. It is the planting in my heart His own *pax*. No gift of wealth or distinction of any kind, or possessing any friends or relations, is equal to that *pax* viewed as the settled habit of the soul, and especially as the forerunner and anticipation, so to say, of the future sight of glory, when we shall see our Redeemer as He is. The possessing this inward gift amid all outward circumstances answers, I think, exactly to the *centuplum accipiet*, so far as it concerns this present life, and keeps for the life to come, *vitam æternam possidebit*. The contrast between this *pax* and one's whole state in Anglicanism serves the better to establish what marks the Christian life."

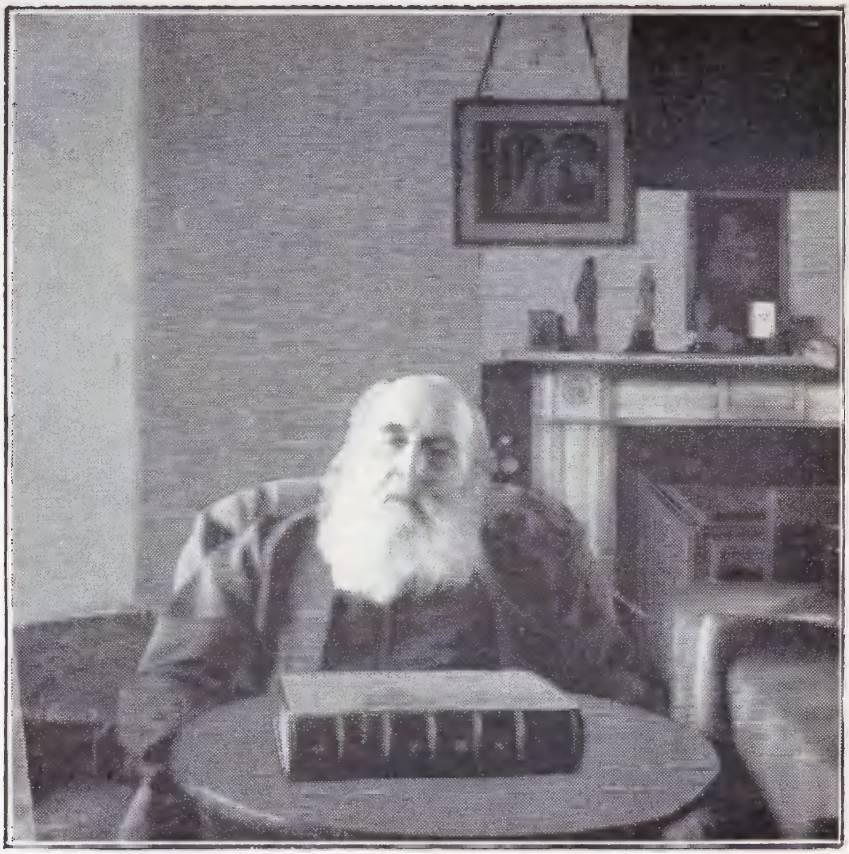
He wrote the last entry in his Diary in 1900. What remained to him of life was sorrow and infirmity; the gradual descent into the valley of death, a lengthened process of leaving and being left. The autumn of 1900 was saddened by a new and sharp anxiety. Once more he whose tenure of life was so feeble had to watch the younger man go before him. My brother-in-law was seized with illness of a serious nature, for it soon became evident that we should not save him. A cruel operation offered, it was said, a slight chance of partial recovery; it was performed in December by Sir F. Treves, but did not prolong life for one day. His words in dying were, "I wish to die as a Christian," and he had his wish, for it would be impossible to witness a more touching departure from this world. He, too, was brought to Lodge Place, but after death, on December 31, 1900, in the last hour of the year. It was between 11 and 12 o'clock when we received my dear brother-in-law's coffin. I can well remember the silent house at that mysterious hour, and looking upon the calm features of one who had well earned his eternal rest. The next day, New Year's Day, 1901, dawned sorrowfully for us. Shortly after we had laid James Broder in his grave, my dear father appeared to be once more in his last hours. He was anointed, with a slight protest, for he did not believe himself to be dying, nor did I. He was eighty-eight, and reserved, feeble as he was, for the crowning sorrow of losing my mother. At the end of 1901 she caught a chill which told seriously on a frame weakened by age and cares. The doctor saw her one morning in the drawing-room, and ordered her at once to bed, suggesting at the same time that she should

call the priest. It was sudden, sharp, and agonising for us who watched her through alternating hopes and fears. She died after one week's illness, hardly realising it herself, or only dimly, as is the wont of the dying. I may say that the *Gloria Patri* was the prayer of her agony, and it fitly resumed her life of fortitude and faith. She was never tired of thanking God for her blessings, even for her deafness, which she said was a light trial. It fitted her for heaven by withdrawing her from the things of earth, so that for many years before her end she was most truly buried with Christ in God. She passed away at 11.30 A.M. on January 24, 1902. My father, who could not see her on account of his own infirmity, was kept in ignorance of his loss until the evening, when I broke it to him, suggesting that she had been possibly many hours with God. Her beauty revived in death, and even increased until the last moment of final separation. Deafness had gradually robbed her of her brightness, and made her life very lonely. To her I have often applied Dante's exquisite line—

"Da quel martirio venni a questa pace."

It is usual to say of the dead that they look peaceful; *she* looked in possession of Dante's *pace*.

There was no marked change in my father during that sad year; he maintained his low level of strength, and showed a certain interest in people and things. He was keenly alive to the blow of losing, within twenty-four hours of each other, his two most intimate friends. The Bishop of Emmaus, Dr. Patterson, died on December 1, and Mr. J. H. Pollen on December 2.



Thomas William Allies in his Last Days

Photographed by Angela Broder

His library at Lodge Place witnessed many silent hours of sorrowing thoughts for those who left him. I think he had now survived all the friends of his own generation. Aubrey de Vere's death had occurred at the same time as my mother's, on January 21, 1902. His generous kindness had been as a soft gulf stream to a spirit often tried by the ice of dull comprehensions and no enthusiasm.

The few months still remaining brought yet greater and more intimate separations. On his ninetieth birthday, February 12, 1903, a marked change became apparent in all his being. There seemed to be so little of his personality left, and yet he was quite himself. Cardinal Vaughan came to see him in March, and it was some time before the Cardinal succeeded in conveying his identity. They never met on earth again. His pen had long ceased to write; he could speak only with difficulty; his legs would not carry him. His eyes and ears were affected; he could no longer use his missal or his Greek Testament. His whole being was silent in the depths of the mysterious valley, and so death found him. On June 13. an attack of *rigor* set in, from which, however, he rallied slightly. After a few days of anxious watching, and two receptions of the Holy Viaticum, he passed away at 2 A.M. on June 17, 1903. There was no spoken farewell, nor anything which I could take to myself as a last word, and I looked upon the silent consummation as the completion of his work. Six years of infirmity and powerlessness made up what was wanting for the perfection of that noble mind.

He is buried at Mortlake with Edward, Winifred, and my dearest mother. The Body of Our Lord on the Cross is carved on the stone, and the

inscription records the sufferings of those warriors on the royal road.

Ossa in Christi misericordia quiescentia

. . . . .

ELISÆ HALL ALLIES

Quam ex sinu erroris Anglicani
Vocavit Deus ad fidei lumen 24 Maii 1850.
Prima, viro pro veritate luctante, vitæ iter ingressa est
Et vias duras custodivit ut Christum lucrifaceret.
Vixit annos 52 in gremio Sanctæ Ecclesiæ
Dum ascensiones in corde suo disponeret
Donec, luce jam adspecta, ad lucem rediit
Die 24 Januarii 1902, ætatis suæ 80.
Requiescat in pace.

THOMÆ GUGLIELMI ALLIES

Qui olim pastor Anglicanus
In amœnis collocatus
Elegit magis abjectus esse in domo Domini.
Facta abjuratione 11 Sept. 1850
In arctam incidit sanctæ crucis viam.
Per annos 53 non sibi vixit
Dum scriptis ingenio vitaque haud paucos
ad Petram adduxerit.
Meruit et ipse a Petro gratia Papæ Leonis XIII. honorari.
Quem tandem longo ex itinere fessum
Ætatis suæ 90
Vocavit Deus in patriam die 17 Junii 1903.
Requiescat in pace.

APPENDIX

ITALIAN LETTER TO POPE LEO XIII

COMITATO DELLE SCUOLE CATTOLICHE DELLA
GRAN BRETAGNA,
82 GLOUCESTER PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE,
LONDRA, 16 *Aprile* 1883.

BEATISSIMO PADRE,—I più umili figli della Chiesa posseggono il diritto di ricorrere alla Santa Sede ed al Successore di San Pietro nelle circostanze difficili, o private, ovvero pubbliche. Io, che sono soltanto un laico, Segretario del Comitato per le Scuole Cattoliche della Gran Bretagna da quasi trenta anni, ricordandomi di questo diritto, e sentendo una grande anxietà per un pericolo che mi sembra sovrastare alle nostre scuole del popolo, ho osato aver ricorso a Sua Santità direttamente. Prima debbo dire che questo piccolo rapporto non possiede alcuna autorità. Nessun è consapevole del mio scrivere.

Cosa sia il Comitato delle Scuole Cattoliche puo vedersi dall' Indirizzo [1] che, cinque anni fa, al felice tempo della Sua Accessione, abbiamo fatto al Santo Padre. E perche quest' Indirizzo spiega acconciamente nelle ultime righe il corso dell'educazione dei poveri dall' anno 1847 in quà, e la parte che il Comitato ha decreto prendervi, ed il buon esito, dei suoi lavori, metto qui una copia delle parolè che il Conte di Denbigh a presentato a Sua Santità li 18 Maggio, 1878.

Nell' annuo Rapporto del mio Comitato (che sto pubblicando) sta scritto che nell' anno passato, 1882, abbiamo ricevuto dal Governo per le Scuole ed i Collegii

[1] The Latin Address which follows, p. 205.

Normali Cattolici nella Gran Bretagna la contribuzione di £162,887 sterline (lire 4,072,175) che fa un crescimento di £13,530 (lire 338,250) sopra l'anno previo. Commincio con parlare dei Collegii Normali.

Il Collegio di Santa Maria, Hammersmith, che è per l'istituzione dei Maestri di Scuola, ha ricevuto £2047 (lire 51,175), gli studenti essendo, 42. Il Monastero delle Suore di Nostra Signora (Notre Dame), a Liverpool, che è per l'istituzione delle Maestre di Scuola, di cui aveva 104, ha ricevuto £3274 (lire 81,850). Il Monastero delle Dame del Sacro Cuore, a Wandsworth, con 38 allieve, ha ricevuto £991 (lire 24,775). La retribuzione data dal Governo puo montare annualmente a £50 (lire 1250) per un maestro, ed a £35 (lire 875) per una maestra, durante ciascuno dei due anni dell' insegnamento, se guadagnano i gradi rispettivi che seguitono l'esamina di ciascun anno.

Per ispiegare meglio le condizioni sotto cui questi collegii fanno l'educazione a loro affidata, mi sia permesso qui di ripetere a Sua Santità le parole che, nell' occasione della Deputazione del nostro Comitato, di cui fa capo il Duca di Norfolk, all' Eminenza Sua, il Cardinale Manning, ed i Vescovi, li 4 di questo mese, ho detto ai lor Signori. Nei 25 anni che sono passati abbiamo potuto creare una propaggine di 500 maestri, e di 1200 maestre di Scuola in questi tre Collegii, di cui due son Monasteri di donne. Son stati liberi di insegnare, ed hanno in fatto insegnato ai loro allievi non solamente tutte le dottrine Cattoliche, ma ancora tutte le devozioni Cattoliche, per esempio, quello del Sacro Cuore con tutta la riverenza che dobbiamo alla Madre di Dio. E tutto questo è stato fatto nel paese il più Protestante del mondo, e per tutto questo uno Stato Protestante ha fornito 75 per cento della spesa. E mi permisi di fare questa riflessione ai nostri Signori, che i Cattolici d'Italia, di Francia, di Germania, di Spagna, darebbero molto per avere una tale condizione in favore della Chiesa, che, com' io credo, non esiste altrove nel mondo all' eccezione sola del Canada. E doveva pure aggiungere che, quanto poteva indovinare da una esperienza di quasi trenta anni, i Cattolici non

avrebbero potuto avere Collegii Normali senza questa contribuzione del Governo; e che, se per sventura una tale contribuzione non si facesse più, i Collegii cesserebbero d'esistere, i nostri non potendo, o non volendo incorrere una si grande spesa, di cui oggi il Governo paga quasi le tre parte su quattro.

Passo alle Scuole del popolo, ovvero parocchiali.

Pel 1. Nel 1870 avemmo nella Gran Bretagna scuole ispettate, 666; nel 1882, 1562.

Pel 2. Scolari 75,127 nel 1870; 190,540 nel 1882.

Pel 3. Le nostre scuole potevano ricevere 119,156 scolari nel 1870; e 314,599 nel 1882.

Pel 4. Gli insegnanti nel 1870 erano 799; nel 1870, 2943.

Pel 5. La pubblica contribuzione data dal Governo montava nel 1870 a £41,527 (lire 1,036,175); nel 1882 a £162,887 (lire 4,072,175).

Pel 6. La contribuzione dei cattolici individui in queste scuole montava nel 1870 a £25,649 (lire 641,225); nel 1882 a £64,418 (lire 1,610,450).

Tale è l'avanzo che abbiamo fatto dal 1870 al 1882, sotto la legge di 1870, che alcuni adesso vorrebbero abrogare.

Ma vi è un altro riscontro di grandissimo rilievo.

Prima della legge di 1870 l'istruzione religiosa poteva farsi ad ogni momento nelle scuole. Nessun tempo in particolare vi era attribuito. Ma cio che poteva farsi ad ogni ora spesso fu negletto. Per la legge di 1870 bisognava in ogni scuola scegliere un tempo definito, od al principio, ovvero alla fine dell' istruzione secolare, per dare l'istruzione religiosa. I nostri Vescovi mossi dalla paura che l'istruzione religiosa, non essendo premiata dal Governo, andrebbe a rischio di essere negletta, domandavano al nostro Comitato nel 1875 di fare un sistema di premii agli insegnanti e scolari per l'istruzione religiosa, a cui deputavano, ciascuno nella sua diocesi, uno o più sacerdoti per l'ispezione religiosa delle scuole. In questo sistema d'ispezione religiosa il Comitato fa una spesa di più della metà delle rendite annue che raccoglie. Così possiamo sperare che per una conseguenza indiretta della legge del 1870 l'istruzione religiosa nelle nostre

scuole sia assai più diligente e regolare che non era prima. Abbiamo dato premii a 213 insegnanti, uomini e donne, per l'eccellenza di quest' istruzione nel 1882; premii pure a 269 di quelli che imparano ad insegnare; medaglie e libri a moltissimi scolari.

Son mosso a scrivere questo rapporto da una lettera di gran peso che ho ricevuta ultimamente dal Vice-Re d'India, Lord Ripon, chi, benche assente, continua ad essere Presidente del nostro Comitato. Dal tempo della sua conversione nel 1874 Lord Ripon è stato un fervente Cattolico. Come fu da 1869 ad 1873, nel primo ministero del Signor Gladstone, Presidente del Consiglio Privato della Regina, a cui appartiene la cura delle cose scolastiche, conosce al fondo tutto questo suggetto, e generalmente nessuno fra noi può estimare meglio la forza dei partiti politici. In questa lettera mi esprime una gran paura che dalla parte nostra si cerchi compromettere la pace che fu fatta per la legge del 1870. Teme che se la gran battaglia dell' educazione del popolo fosse di nuovo imbrogliata, non riuscirebbe ad altro che a mettere in pericolo tutti gli avvantaggi che ad ora godiamo. Che se, per impossibile, avessimo una vittoria per un momento, la reazione sarebbe terribile. I dissidenti, che sono in Inghilterra un partitò che marcia insieme ed e molto bene istruito per la guerra, farebbero il primo loro colpo contro i nostri Collegii Normali. Dice che non possiamo sperare un più grande aiuto dal Governo che quello che la legge attuale ci da; mentre che dall' altra parte, se una volta questa legge si distruggesse, faremmo una perdita irreparabile, perche nessun' altra legge, che potessimo sperare, sarebbe così favorevole agli interessi Cattolici come la legge attuale. Io credo che moltissimi Cattolici temano quel che teme Lord Ripon, e sentano quel che sente.

In questi trenta anni, da 1853 ad 1883, il Governo Inglese ha appreso per mezzo dei suoi ispettori di scuola ciò che i Cattolici sono, cio che insegnano ai loro figli. Questa fratellanza ed il frequente commercio delle idee han levato i vecchi pregiudizi. Conosce pure benissimo quale sia la popolazione Cattolica nella Gran Bretagna, che pel numero monta a 1,500,000, di cui le nove parti

su dieci consistono dell' immigrazione Irlandese, fatta da quelli che non potendo nel loro paese guadagnarsi il vitto, son venuti in Inghilterra e nella Scozia, sopratutto alle grande città, come Londra, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dundee, &c. In tutto questo tempo, sotto, diversi ministeri, il Governo ha trattato con un eguale giustizia e lealtà le scuole Cattoliche e le scuole Protestanti. Non posso rammentarmi neppure di una sola occasione nella quale l'odio antico contro la fede Cattolica lo facesse dimenticarsi delle regole di onore. Lascia liberalmente le religiose ed i religiosi insegnare nelle scuole. Se avesse sempre fatto versi i Cattolici nei tre secoli passati ciò che ha fatto in questi ultimi trenta anni per le scuole, la nostra storia sarebbe ben differente. E dicendo questo fo testimonio di ciò che ho veduto in propria persona: perche il mio Comitato ha diritto presso il Governo di difendere ogni scuola Cattolica che crede di poter lagnarsi di alcun trattamento dalla parte degli uffiziali del Governo.

Di queste abbiamo, nel 1882, 1562, che ricevono l'ispezione del Governo, con 190,540 scolari, 2943 insegnanti, uomini e donne. La rendità di queste Scuole era in Inghilterra £245,507 (lire 6,137,675), di cui il Governo forniva £119,075 (lire 2,976,875); nella Scozia £48,970 (lire 1,224,675), di cui il Governo forniva £23,619 (lire 590,485).

Tutte queste Scuole son libere di insegnare, ed insegnano tutte le dottrine Cattoliche, senza ristrezione: possono servirsi, per esempio, di libri sulla storia, scritti nel senso Cattolico; possono avere ed hanno immagini della Madonna, etc. ad libitum. L'ispettore del Governo non ha il potere di esaminare l'insegnamento della religione ma solamente l'insegnamento dell' arti secolari.

Nel sistema nostro attuale l'insegnamento della religione è rimasto totalmente a quelli che direggono la scuola, siano Anglicani, Dissidenti, Secolaristi, ovvero Cattolici. Tutti possono due volte al giorno, se vogliono, insegnare la loro religione, senza freno, e senza impedimento. Nel fatto della religione lo Stato fa la parte d'uno sbirro, intanto che per i suoi Ispettori

guarda sempre le scuole per badare che nessun scolare sia sforzato di ricevere l'istruzione religiosa contro la volontà dei parenti: ma lo sbirro è cosi benevolo alla religione, che vorrebbe che fosse insegnata secondo i sentimenti rispettivi dei direttori della scuola.

Quest' ultima condizione viene dalla legge del 1870.

Per questa legge le scuole dette volontarie, cioè che appartengono alle varie communioni, Anglicana, Dissidente, Cattolica, etc., riçevono dalla parte del Governo una porzione della loro spesa per ricompensa dell' annua esamina fatta dal medesimo Governo; ed ho gia scritto ciò che le nostre scuole e collegii han ricevuto nel 1882. Ma la legge fece per la prima volta altre scuole erigere, che non solamente ricevono la retribuzione indicata, che puo montare alla metà di tutta la loro spesa, come le scuole volontarie ma sono edificate e sostenute per mezzo d'una tassa levata in ogni distretto, e governate per un comitato eletto dai cittadini, senza rispetto della religione.

Dunque, come queste scuole son sostenute intieramente dal danaro publico, mentre che le volontarie ricevono soltanto una parte della loro spesa, quest' ultime devono subire una difficile rivalità.

Questa è una grande ingiustizia, sicche molti sentendola adesso negli effeti attuali, e temendone anche più gli effetti futuri, vorrebbero cambiare la legge di 1870.

Nondimeno come nel mio posto di segretario ho osservato tutti ciò che è arrivato nelle nostre scuole durante questi dodici anni da 1870 ad 1882, debbo far i seguenti riscontri fra le due epoche. Per questo prendo sei capi: 1. il numero delle nostre scuole ispettate; 2. il numero dei loro scolari; 3. il numero degli scolari che le scuole possono ricevere; 4. il numero degli insegnanti; 5. la contribuzione del Governo; 6. la contribuzione degli individui.

Prego che Sua Santità scusi l'audacia mia, indirizzandomi a Sua Santità, e che degni darmi di nuovo una benedizione come ha fatto nell' udienza privata che degnossi m'accordare il 12 Novembre 1879.—Di Sua Santità devotissimo Servo e Figlio,

T. W. Allies.

LATIN ADDRESS TO POPE LEO XIII.[1]

Pro Leone Decimo Tertio Spiritu Sancto adjuvante
Sine tardo molimine ad Petri Sedem evecto
Catholica Britannorum Societas Pauperum Institutioni promovendæ
Gratias Deo quam maximas agit
Tu vero, Sanctissime Pater, in temporibus adeo periculosis ad Cathedram Veritatis et fidei Tutelam accessisti
Ut nunquam in tot sæculis ævi Christiani
Illius sapientiæ consilii fortitudinis Ecclesia magis indigeret
Quibus summi Pontifices ex proprio Salvatoris charismate claruerunt
Inter præcipuas autem dotes
Quas Redemptor Noster Deus Sponsæ Suæ impertivit
Eminet illa vis immortalis ex ore Magistri procedens
Dicentis Apostolis universim, Euntes Docete Omnes Gentes
Petro vero singulariter, Pasce Oves Meas
Hinc est unde ad instituendas in omnem veritatem gentes
Petrus in Roma gentium capite singularem posuit cathedram
Inde per octodecem sæcula decucurrit
Illa summa Pontificibus Romanis plebis Christianæ edocendæ cura
Nos denique, triginta abhinc annis
Ab Episcopis Britannicis ad subsidium hujus curæ electi
Tibi totius Divinæ Institutionis fonti primo et perenni

[1] On his Accession. Alluded to in preceding Letter to the Pope.

Notitiam præteriti laboris referentes futuri
benedictionem postulamus
Hæc sunt profecto quæ communi utilitati comparavit
Unius ad hunc finem societatis construendæ consilium
illud episcopale
Ut clerici et laici in hoc opere partes suas debite
conferrent
Ut pauperum institutio tanquam onus caritatis cuncto
cœtui incumberet
Ut per totum regnum parili cursu et mensura se
insinuaret
Ut tam divina quam humana disciplina tenera progenies
simul imbueretur
Ut rei publicæ pariter et Ecclesiæ ope conserta labor
perficeretur
Quæ omnia huc usque adeo feliciter evenerunt
Ut Catholicæ Pauperum Scholæ
Jam toti Ecclesiæ soboli pœne satis amplæ fuerint
comparatæ
Ministris et eis quidem Catholicis satis aptis dotatæ
Publica pariter et privata pecunia altæ
Huic operi difficili eidem et necessario
Per annos pœne omnes Pii Noni inservientes
Nunc ad tanti Pontificis Parem recurrimus Successorem
Ut inter labores semper renascentes
Nova nobis fiducia, vis amplior fructus uberior
A Te Summo mundi Doctore defluant et augeantur.

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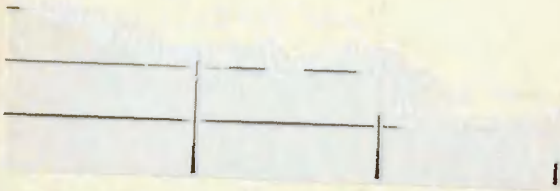

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